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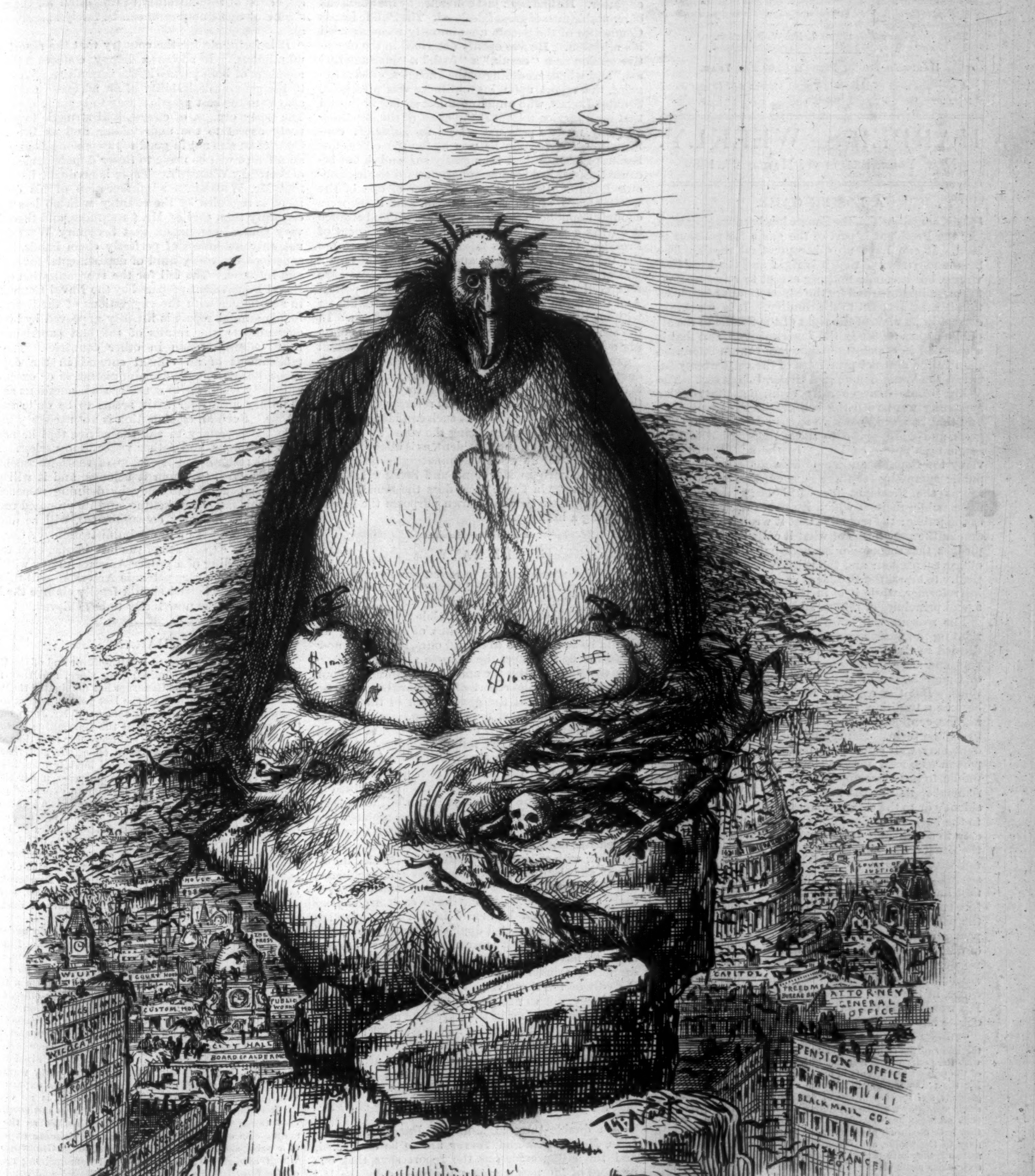
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

A LOSING GAME.

THE contest which the Senate has been waging with the President is part of the game for position in 1888. It can have no other practical result. The Senate may resolve that it is right and the President wrong, but it can do nothing except to refuse to confirm nominations, and for the consequences of such action it must account to the country. It is, we think, correct in its view of the right of the Senate to see all public papers on file in the departments. But that is a question in which the public is no more interested than in the abstract principles of the controversy between the Whig Senate and General JACKSON. The Whig Senate was generally right, but the popular sympathy went with the belligerent President, who said that he was responsible to the people, not to Congress, and who seemed to the popular mind to be a single man fighting a host. In the pending controversy the Republican Senate does not command the public sympathy for three reasons: one is that it arraigns the President for withholding information upon public matters which it refuses itself to impart to the public; the second is that it wrongfully insists, despite the very terms of what it calls the President's pledges, that suspension is a personal stigma upon the officer suspended; and the third is that it seeks practically to brand the President as a spurious civil service reformer, while it is in the very act of violating sound principles of reform and of a good service.

For reasons which we have reiterated all papers relating to appointments and removals which are addressed to the President are intrinsically public papers, and are properly open not only to the inspection of Congress, but of the public, under proper conditions. But the common understanding, which has become a tradition, that many such papers are of the highest confidential character, makes it dishonorable to expose them. Henceforward, however, the President may well cause it to be understood that every person who assumes to write to him on behalf of the public, to influence appointments and removals, must remember that as the letters do not relate to the President's or to the correspondent's private business, but to the business of the public, the public will be at liberty to see them. But this is not the contention of the Senate, which insists only that the President shall not withhold such papers from the Senate. In the second place, the assertion that the President has said that he would suspend only for cause, and that therefore suspension is a personal stigma, and withholding the papers is really a refusal of common justice to a person publicly accused by the President of some kind of official malfeasance, is an untrue allegation, and in no degree justified by the words of the President. He has never said that he would remove only for cause, in the sense of personal or official dishonesty. His words upon this subject, in the letter to which the debate has constantly referred, are these:

> "There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service status, but which are so disconnected with the policy of the Administration that the removal therefrom of the present incumbents in my opinion should not be made, during the terms for which they are appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in sympathy with the appointing power; but many now holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. The lessons of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service."

This is a plain intimation that officers will be suspended, not for official malfeasance only, but for offensive partisanship, and it is a very poor trick to insist that in consequence of this declaration every suspended officer is personally disgraced.

Above all, however, the weakness of the Senate in this controversy is that it morally assumes the position of the champion of civil service reform. But as if to turn its own claim into ridicule, in the midst of sneering at the President as a sham reformer, it confirms nominations which should not have been made, and against which there is an imposing protest for detailed and unanswerable reasons. If, therefore, the President be shamming, the Senate is a self-confessed accomplice in the sham. Take the case of FREDERICK SALOMON. He was Surveyor-General of Utah—a soldier of the Union, a man and a public officer without stain. He was suspended, and RICHMOND S. DEMENT was nominated to succeed him. He was not a civil engineer. He had been just convicted by the affidavits of reputable men of gross falsehood. The Public Lands Committee of the Senate unanimously recommended his rejection. He was openly described in the executive session as a "crank," a "fool," a "monumental ass," and when, according to the uncontradicted statement, the report upon his unfitness was presented, Senator LOGAN, who announced last spring in Boston that civil service reform is the child of the Republican party, made a personal appeal for DEMENT'S confirmation, not because he was fit for the office, nor because SALOMON had been justly suspended, but because DEMENT had been personally useful to him, Senator LOGAN. It was the worst form of one of the worst abuses of the spoils system, and there were enough Republican Senators to maintain and enforce it during a pause in the Republican arraignment of President CLEVELAND as false to reform. These are the things—practical acts, and not professions in a platform—which show the hollowness of the pretence that civil service reform is the Republican policy. And this is the kind of thing which leaves the Senate without the sympathy of the friends of reform. In the strife for position the Republican Senate is playing a losing game for its party. Its real and useful "game" would be, not to try to show that the President is false, but to prove that the Republican party is true. What is the game played for? To recover the confidence of independent and reform voters. But does any Senator suppose that such confidence is likely to be recovered by practising the worst abuses that demand reform? If the President, as is alleged, shows his contempt for reform by nominating Senator GORMAN'S henchmen in Maryland and Senator LOGAN'S friend DEMENT in Utah, what does the Senate do in confirming them? For its own purposes the Senate is playing a losing game.

THE NAVY.

IF China should choose to resent our impotence in regard to the massacre and outrage of the Chinese upon the Pacific slope by sending war ships to destroy the $180,000,000 of destructible property in San Francisco accessible to the guns of such ships, we should be as impotent to defend ourselves as we now profess to be to protect the Chinese victims of American violence. "It is the unanimous opinion of your committee," says the report of the Naval Committee of the House, "that the government of the United States ought not longer to permit the lives and property of American citizens to be thus manifestly held at the mercy of so many foreign nations." To this declaration the whole country will cry Amen, and it will approve also the general spirit and purpose of the committee to provide a naval armament suited to the situation. The provisions of its bill have been well summarized as follows. It contemplates two sea-going armored vessels of about 6000 tons displacement, designed for a sea speed of sixteen knots an hour, with engines of at least 6000 indicated horse-power, and costing, including engines and machinery, and exclusive of armament, not more than $2,500,000 each, and these vessels shall have each a complete torpedo outfit, and be armed in the most effective manner; three protected double-bottomed cruisers of not less than 3500 nor more than 5000 tons displacement, to have the highest practicable speed, to cost, excluding armament, not exceeding $1,500,000, and the cost of the three vessels, including engines and machinery, not to exceed $4,000,000; four first-class torpedo-boats, costing in the aggregate not more than $400,000; one torpedo cruiser of about 800 tons displacement, with full torpedo outfit, spars and masts, high-power rifle, and secondary battery armament, with steel deflective deck, and sea speed of at least twenty-two knots, to cost complete, excluding armament, not to exceed $300,000, which sum is appropriated.

The double-turreted Monitors *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror* are to be completed, and the bill provides, as the report says, that one or more of the new vessels contemplated by the bill shall be constructed in one or more of the navy-yards of the United States. Power is also given to the Secretary to build or complete government work-shops or vessels included in the bill, in case it should become apparent to him that contractors have made a combination against the government. The weight of evidence is that contract ships are cheaper; but there is some strong testimony tending to show that government-built ships are cheaper. The committee also found that it was "expedient" to extend the practice of building ships of war by contract. One of the desirable results to follow from this policy will be the encouragement of private ship-building and the consequent multiplication of the means of rapidly increasing our naval strength in case of need. Large discretion is properly given to the Secretary of the Navy, and the report is signed by every member of the committee. The sum of $14,000,000 is appropriated, to be expended by the Secretary, so that there will be at last a proper personal responsibility for the expenditure. The disposition to distrust such responsibility leads often to a system of intended checks and balances which ends in a total dispersion of responsibility, so that often for the most shameful waste no person can be fairly held accountable.

It is fortunate for the country that the report was unanimous. It shows a happy concord between members of both parties in the committee, not only as to the general desirability of an adequate navy, but also as to the best practical way to begin to obtain it. The party organs, of course, will struggle to give a party aspect to the undertaking, and as Secretary CHANDLER was not in good repute among Democrats, an attempt will be made to foster Republican distrust of Secretary WHITNEY. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. WHITNEY'S administration of his department is regarded by the country with no less favor certainly than that of Mr. CHANDLER, and there is a very general conviction that Secretary WHITNEY is not only an officer of perfectly clean hands, but of superiority to every kind of departmental favoritism and intrigue. The bill for the reorganization of the Naval Department prepared by the Naval Committee in accordance with the suggestions of the Secretary in his annual report is heartily approved by him as agreeable to the results of the best experience in naval administration in other countries. The establishment of an official council in the department, however, with no administrative or executive authority whatever to consider such questions as the Secretary may refer to it, seems to be quite superfluous. Such an organization is not necessary to enable the Secretary to ask the advice that he needs. It is cumbrous, and rather worse than useless. But the bill restores the headship of the department to the Secretary, to whom it belongs, and it will promote its general efficiency by defining responsibility. This naval awakening, and its proposed result, if it can be properly consummated, will be one of the chief praises of the Administration. After the melancholy experience of the last decade, even to begin the building of a proper American navy will be a work in which every patriotic American will rejoice, and unless the Senate should fatally change the bill, that beginning is now likely to be achieved.

AT QUARANTINE.

THE terms of the present Health-officer and of the Quarantine Commissioners expired long since, and they have held over, until now the Governor has nominated their successors. The revelations of the last year in regard to rag disinfection, and the plain statement of Mr. JUDD, one of the present Commissioners, that the Quarantine system is a "humbug" and "a fraud"; the knowledge that the emoluments of the Health-officer were enormous, and that the State Committee of his party levied heavily upon his fees for the most questionable election purposes, under the familiar plea of "necessary and legitimate expenses" of the election; and the general belief that there is a Quarantine ring of politicians which profits by various schemes of disinfection, and by the corruption made practicable by the immense revenues of the office—have made it most desirable that there should be a thorough change. Governor HILL therefore has nominated Dr. PHELPS for Health-officer, a physician of character and standing, and a Democrat, and three gentlemen for Quarantine Commissioners, two of whom are Republicans, and all of whom are of unexceptionable character.

The obvious and the best possible thing to do under the circumstances is to confirm the nominations. But Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, one of the present Commissioners, and a well-known politician, says substantially that he cannot believe that a Republican Senate would confirm a Democrat for an office so important as the Health-office, and a correspondent of the *Tribune* states the objection without circumlocution. "No Republican," he says, "dreams of giving that office with its fees of $25,000 to a Democrat, to be used as a campaign fund next fall when the time arrives to elect the Assemblymen who will vote for United States Senator." That is to say, the Republican party wants the Quarantine "boodle" for its own "legitimate expenses" in securing a Republican Legislature. There is no evasion in this plain statement of the case. It is not surprising that those who look upon the Health-office as the rich source of a corruption fund for the "legitimate expenses" of a party should be bitterly opposed to the GRISWOLD bill, which abolishes the enormous and demoralizing receipts of the Health-office and provides a liberal and competent salary for the Health-officer.

Intelligent Republican Senators must be aware that in the present political situation, when parties are not divided by distinctive policies, the Republican party in the State will be judged by its action upon questions of wise and economical administration. If the Republican Legislature should defeat a bill so obviously reasonable and satisfac-

tory as the Griswold bill, which, as every voter in the State sees, dries up a fountain of corruption, and if the Republican Senate insists upon retaining an official body which is believed, despite the protest of one of its members, Mr. Judd, to whom no suspicion of the kind attaches, to be "the fence" of outrageous abuses, the Republican party will suffer very much more seriously than it could possibly suffer by the loss of a few thousand dollars from the fund for its "legitimate expenses." Mr. Platt is a Republican politician in rather desperate straits. But, after all, sustaining him in the office which gives him his importance by opening the little sluice from the Quarantine receipts into the party treasury is not a Republican principle, and to make it a Republican policy would be a grave blunder.

SENATORIAL COMMON-SENSE.

Senator Blackburn recently offered in open session of the Senate a report from a committee in regard to an appointment, and the horror which overcame the Senate is said to have been not unlike that of a pious congregation when a blasphemer laughs out in church. Mr. Evarts, in a similar moment of good sense, gravely offered in open session a petition against an appointment. There was a similar Senatorial shudder, and the affair was hushed up.

But can anybody give a good reason why a committee of the Senate reporting upon a subject of current public interest, such as the filling of an office, should not be heard in the open Senate, or why the names of persons who undertake to secure or to prevent appointments, not in their own, but in the public service, should be withheld from the public? Is an appointment to office more the business of twenty or thirty men who sign a petition than of the community on whose behalf, and without any authority, it is asked?

Who is so much interested as the public in the character of those who are appointed to the public service? and as the lives and careers of those who are nominated for election are publicly canvassed, can anybody tell why those who are nominated for appointment should not submit to the same ordeal? If a man is nominated for Governor of New York, the light of inquiry and discussion is turned upon every act of his life. If he is nominated for Collector, why should he stand in the dark?

MRS. BANCROFT.

Every one who knew Mrs. Bancroft was aware of her singular social accomplishment and charm, but only those who knew her somewhat intimately knew also what an incomparable helpmeet she was to her husband. Not only did she sympathize entirely with his literary tastes and aims, and share his generous ambitions, but her fine tastes, her exact eye, her familiarity with all good literature, and her unwearied patience made her one of the most admirable of counsellors on every detail of literary form. She read carefully, and as carefully and thoughtfully corrected, the proofs of his works, and the historian could not submit to a sounder judgment than hers any doubtful or difficult point in his studies or his conclusions. His work was not complete until it had received her complete approval.

Mrs. Bancroft's interest in society was great, and unabated to the end. Familiar with every detail of social *convenance*, her manners had a refined dignity and precision which carried a not unpleasing stateliness into social intercourse, and rebuked the free and easy conduct of a more careless generation. In her long life she had seen at home and abroad all the most distinguished persons of her time. As the wife of the Secretary of the Navy in Washington, of the American Minister in London and in Berlin, and of one of the most eminent scholars and the most distinguished historians of her own country, her social experience was very wide and various, and as she was a very shrewd observer, she was at once a high social authority, and in conversation a most charming social annalist.

Her character had all the constancy and force of the Puritan stock from which she sprang, but she was totally free from extravagance of sentiment or of expression. Her household was ordered with a thoroughness and care of which only the results and never the means were evident. With her, in truth, society began at home; and home was so full of her serene and stimulating presence that nothing but the consciousness of that inextinguishable intelligence can cheer the darkness which her departure leaves.

AMONG THE FAITHLESS, FAITHFUL.

There is one officer of the United States who, in the midst of the massacre and mobbing of innocent Chinese, does his duty promptly, fearlessly, and as effectively as his resources permit. We mean Governor Squire, of Washington Territory, who met the outbreak at Seattle with a declaration of martial law, and who has shown the best possible disposition for the summary treatment of the murderers and rioters in the Territory.

Governor Squire was loyally and strongly supported by good citizens of King County, in which Seattle is situated. A public meeting of the bar was held at Seattle after the outbreak, and after denouncing the crime in the plainest terms, and commending the action of the Governor, and demanding implicit obedience to the law, the meeting further resolved:

> "That in a community like this, where there are no privileged classes and very little fixed capital, and where all are workers in some industry or calling, and where the prosperity of one class is intimately associated with the prosperity of all, there is no occasion for jealousy, animosity, or strife, and that those pestilent agitators who, abandoning every useful calling, have for months past, and at a time when western Washington was to human view about entering upon an era of prosperity unprecedented in her history, devoted themselves to arraying one class against another, by lies and incendiary appeals, are the worst enemies of society, and are especially the enemies of our honest working-men, whom they are striving to dupe and trick into becoming law-breakers, and whose livelihood they already have imperiled by frightening capital out of the country, and by breaking up industries which have only been established after years of laborious exertion and sacrifice.
>
> "That we call upon all the people of this county and this Territory to rebuke incendiary agitation, secret intrigue, and sedition, and to render a steadfast and loyal support to a government that has showered greater blessings upon mankind than any other, and one whose liberal form can only be maintained and its blessings perpetuated by the virtue, intelligence, vigilance, and active loyalty of its people."

That is the true tone of American citizens as against the murderous violence of those who are mainly foreigners, and there has been a similar meeting and protest in Portland, Oregon. It is a national disgrace that having excluded Chinese immigration by law, the hundred thousand Chinese who are so unlucky as to be caught in the country are outraged by foreign mobs, while the government politely regrets that it can do nothing. The coming of the Chinese may be a curse. But if it be a curse, it is now prohibited by law, and honest Americans upon the Pacific slope should be the first to defend those who are here against brutal lawlessness.

MEMORIAL TO CHARLES READE.

Whoever recalls the delight with which *Christie Johnstone* and *Peg Woffington* were received when they were first published, and all who have felt the spell of the brilliant genius of Charles Reade, will learn with pleasure that the Dean of St. Paul's, in London, has granted permission for the erection in the cathedral of a medallion portrait of the author, and if sufficient funds are obtained, a marble bust of him will be placed also in some public institution.

A mask was taken after death by Mr. George M. Curtice, the sculptor, who has already made a portrait bust, and the execution of the medallion also will be intrusted to him. The list of subscribers in England already embraces some of the most eminent names in the country, and it is not doubted that many of the great number of Charles Reade's admirers in this country would be glad to contribute toward the memorial of one who has given such great and enduring pleasure to both countries. Messrs. Harper & Brothers will receive any contributions for the purpose, and transmit them to the authorized agents in England.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The President has appointed Mr. Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, to succeed Mr. Dorman B. Eaton upon the Civil Service Commission, and Mr. John H. Oberly, of Illinois, to succeed Mr. William H. Trenholm, who is appointed Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Lyman has been the Chief Examiner of the Commission, and is one of the earliest, truest, and most intelligent friends of the reformed system. His experience in the Commission, as well as that of earlier service in the Treasury Department, peculiarly qualify him for his new responsibility, and his appointment is altogether satisfactory to the friends of reform.

Mr. Oberly is known mainly as a Democratic politician. He has been recently Superintendent of Indian Schools, and in the Lake Mohonk conference of those most interested in the Indian question last summer, Mr. Oberly's declarations of the wisdom and necessity of separating politics from the Indian appointments were very positive. The President undoubtedly has not found it easy to obtain a Democrat so singularly fitted for the position as Mr. Trenholm, and as it is announced that the nominations of Mr. Lyman and of Mr. Oberly are not due to solicitation, but to his conviction of their suitability, it remains only to see whether his judgment in regard to Mr. Oberly will be confirmed by the event.

The loss to the Commission of Mr. Trenholm is undoubtedly serious, but the gain to the Treasury by his appointment as Comptroller is unquestionable.

PRO AND CON.

It is an old saying that the Bible can be quoted upon all sides of every question, and Miss Salmon, in her excellent historical sketch of the appointing power, to which we alluded last week, shows that the position of eminent statesmen upon such a question as the Senate has been discussing depends upon the ascendency of their party.

Mr. Kenna, in his late excellent speech in the Senate against the resolutions of Mr. Edmunds, quotes Mr. Webster, who was then a Whig, saying in the Senate, under a Whig Administration:

> "Since the practice [of removal] has become a settled practice, since every Administration has indulged in it, and since it must now be considered as the legal construction of the Constitution that it is one of the powers of the President to remove incumbents from offices which they hold, it follows, as a necessary and as an inevitable consequence, that this power, thus legally vested in the President, must be exercised by him as independently of our control as any other power that is to be exercised by him under the Constitution."

But in 1835, when the Democratic Jackson was President, the same Whig Senator Webster declared this "legal construction of the Constitution" to be "erroneous":

> "The power of appointment being conferred on the President *and Senate*, I think the power of removal went along with it, and should have been regarded as a part of it, and exercised by the same hands. I think, consequently, that the decision of 1789 [in Congress], which *implied* a power of removal separate from the appointing power, was erroneous. But I think the decision of 1789 has been established by practice and recognized by subsequent laws as the settled construction of the Constitution, and that it is our duty to act upon the case accordingly, for the present, without admitting that Congress may not hereafter, if necessity shall require it, reverse the decision of 1789."

And Mr. Webster said in the same speech:

> "I mean to hold myself at liberty to act hereafter upon this question as I shall think the safety of the government and the Constitution may require."

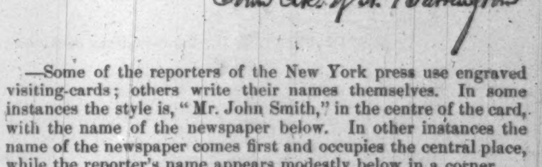
The question between the President and the Senate can never be conclusively settled, because the only way in which the President can be reached is by impeachment, and the Senate cannot impeach.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William Moir, administrator of the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan, has kindly furnished us with the following brief review of the recent sale of her art works, the most important event of the sort ever known in the United States: The total sum received was about $1,207,000, of which the $885,000 bid for the pictures was about eighty-five per cent. of their original cost. Had Mrs. Morgan bought these pictures with the same amount of skill that was used in their sale, her heirs would have obtained at least twenty-five per cent. more than she gave for them. This skill resided in the "booming" done by the art dealers, who bestowed much attention upon the sale, and advised their clients to bid generously and long. They seemed resolved from the first to support the picture market to the utmost of their ability. What has been the result? Why, there never was a time when they have sold so many works out of their own galleries. For the last ten days the picture market has been active beyond precedent, and it will continue to be for some weeks to come, all because of the "boom" produced by the dealers. Now see how different is the condition of the diamond market. Instead of supporting it by advancing the sale of Mrs. Morgan's diamonds, the leading jewellers held back and remained apathetic. In consequence, only a few of Mrs. Morgan's diamonds brought fair prices, and many of them still remain unsold; and rich people are investing their money, not in diamonds, of which they seem to be distrustful, but in pictures. So of Mrs. Morgan's fine collection of glass. The dealers in glass paid little attention to its sale, and the glass market has suffered badly. People are buying pictures now; they are not buying diamonds and glass. It must be confessed, however, that Mrs. Morgan's seventeen Diazes were sold for less than fifty per cent. of what she paid for them. The "Moonlight Concert," for example (No. 70), which cost her $7500, went for $2400; "L'Isle des Amours" (No. 120), which cost her $12,000, went for only $3900; the "Boy with Hunting Dogs" (No. 180), which cost her $7000, went for $4500; and the "Bathers" (No. 210), which cost her $4500, went for $2400. But one of the art dealers explained to me that buyers are suspicious of Diazes, because there are so many counterfeits in the market. Of all her pictures, Mrs. Morgan's favorite was the little seated "Cupid" by Bouguereau.

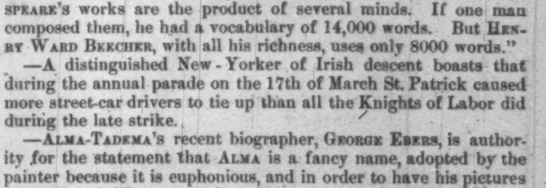
—The late Dr. Austin Flint was once called in consultation to a case of typhoid fever. The patient, a young lady, was becoming very weak because unable to retain the milk mixed with lime-water which her attending physician had prescribed. "Why not try milk mixed with barley-water?" suggested Dr. Flint. The change was made, and the food agreed with the sufferer so well that she could take several quarts of it every twenty-four hours. Her recovery was assured, and she cherishes the memory of Dr. Flint.

—Sixty-six years ago Mr. William Cullen Bryant was Town-Clerk of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and one of his duties was to record the marriages solemnized in that place. The book in which the entries were made in his own clear and beautiful handwriting is still preserved. On one of its pages he wrote as follows: "Be it remembered that by the certificate of the Reverend Elijah Wheler, made to me, it appears that the following persons were joined in marriage by him in the year preceding the 30th of April, A.D. 1821." Then came the names of eleven couples, with the dates of their marriage, all written without blot or mistake, save in one instance, where the record runs:



William C. Bryant
with
Frances Fairchild
Jan. 11, 1820.

In this the reader will perceive that the modest Town-Clerk made at least three mistakes, and diligently corrected them afterward. The signature of the record is worth reproducing also, to show how little Mr. Bryant's handwriting changed during his life.



A true record from the clergyman's
Certificate — Attest Wm. C. Bryant
Town Clk. of Gt. Barrington

—Some of the reporters of the New York press use engraved visiting-cards; others write their names themselves. In some instances the style is, "Mr. John Smith," in the centre of the card, with the name of the newspaper below. In other instances the name of the newspaper comes first and occupies the central place, while the reporter's name appears modestly below in a corner.

—"I cannot but feel," says an American author, "that Shakespeare's works are the product of several minds. If one man composed them, he had a vocabulary of 14,000 words. But Henry Ward Beecher, with all his richness, uses only 8000 words."

—A distinguished New-Yorker of Irish descent boasts that during the annual parade on the 17th of March St. Patrick caused more street-car drivers to tie up than all the Knights of Labor did during the late strike.

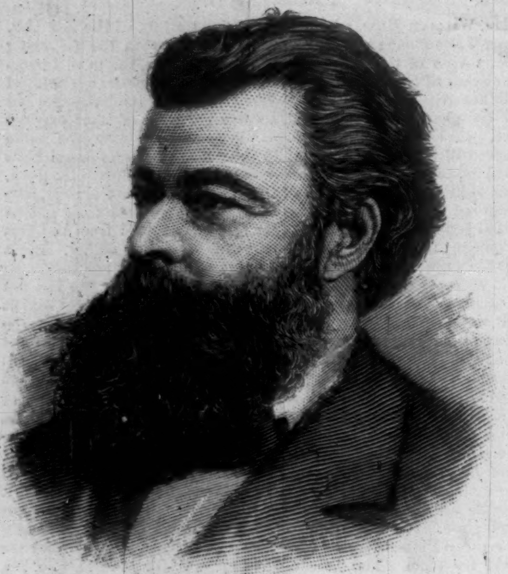
—Alma-Tadema's recent biographer, George Ebers, is authority for the statement that Alma is a fancy name, adopted by the painter because it is euphonious, and in order to have his pictures entered on the first page of catalogues of art exhibitions.

—How to witness a session of Parliament. Advice from an old traveller to a young American about to visit Europe: "Go to Westminster Hall—the entrance to the Parliament Buildings—'shy up' to a policeman, tell him you are an American, fee him, and request a pass." The directions were followed to the letter, and with entire success.

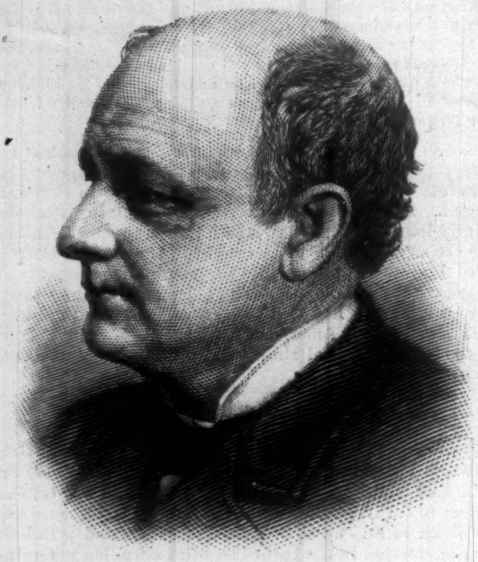
—Not long ago Jules Breton wrote a letter to a friend in this city, expressing deep satisfaction that his picture of the three maidens should have fetched $7000 at the sale of the Whitney collection. But that was before his group of white-robed young communicants had been bid up to $45,500.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway's forth-coming lectures on English life and politics, in response to the cordial invitation of many distinguished citizens, will be a recital of observations and reflections made by an American scholar and a profound thinker during a long residence in Great Britain.

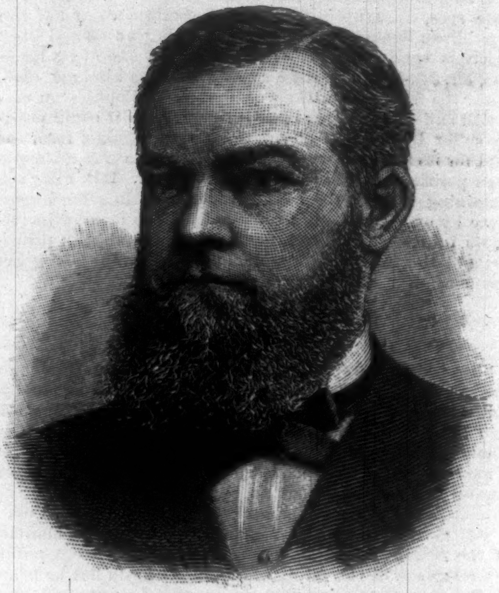
—A recent graduate of a leading college, a young man of excellent scholarship and good natural gifts, decided to go upon the stage. He was at once assigned to play the principal part in *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, and went down South with a travelling company. He complains earnestly that the other members of the company take every opportunity to prevent his success. The leading lady, for example, enters a minute too late or departs a minute too soon, and thus makes him ridiculous, while the manager of the company, who also acts a small part, frequently interrupts him in his soliloquies, and frets him as even Ko-ko was never fretted. Do the American actor and actress despise a college graduate?



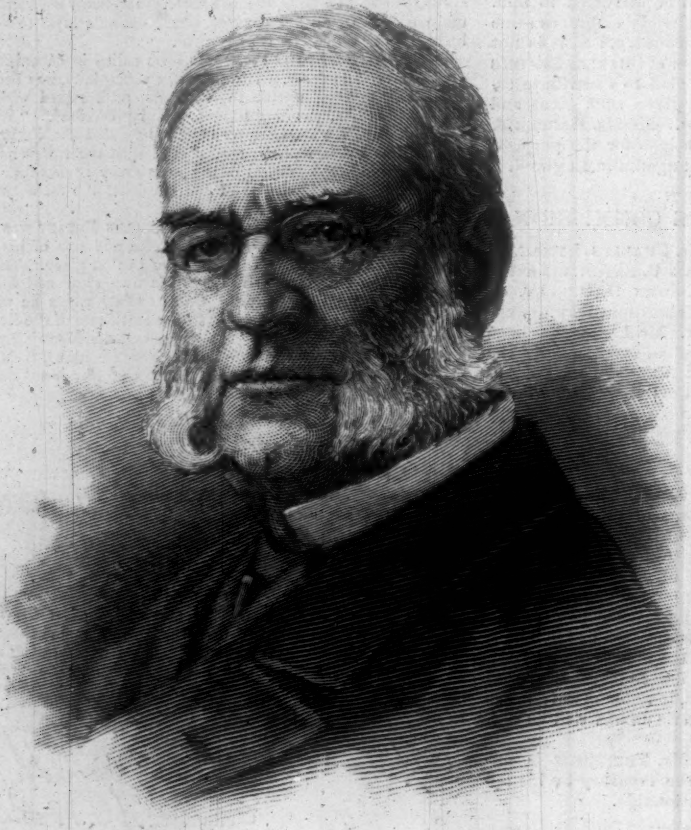
JOHN H. DEVEREUX.
Photographed by J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio.—[See Page 203.]



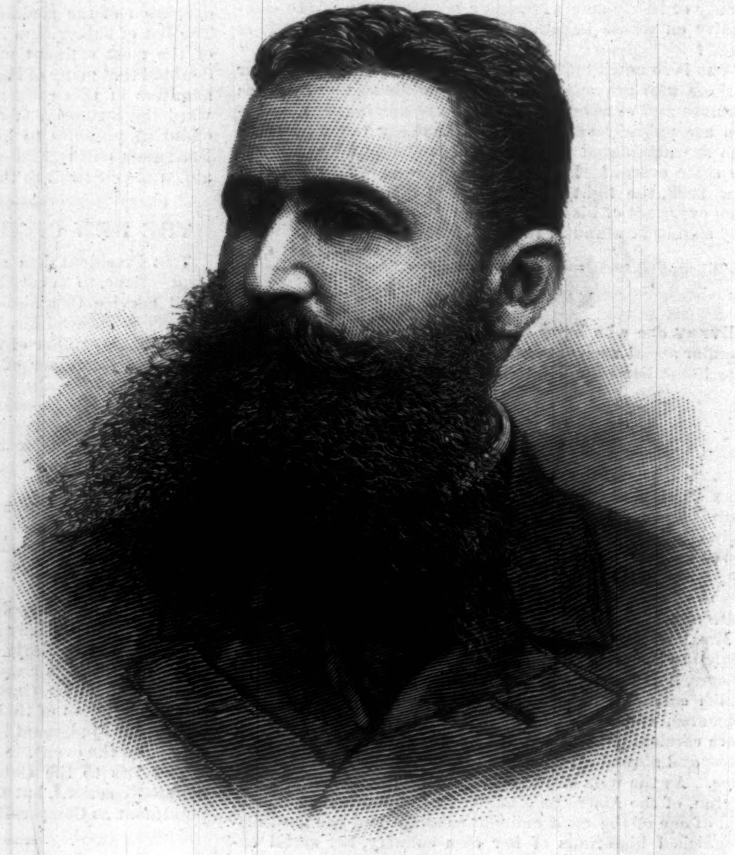
JOHN H. OBERLY, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
Photographed by Garrett, Bloomington, Illinois.—[See Page 203.]



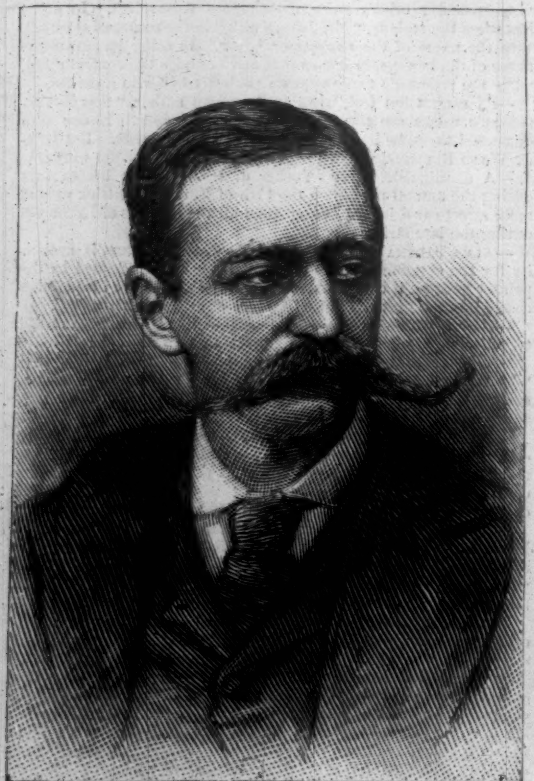
CHARLES LYMAN, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 203.]



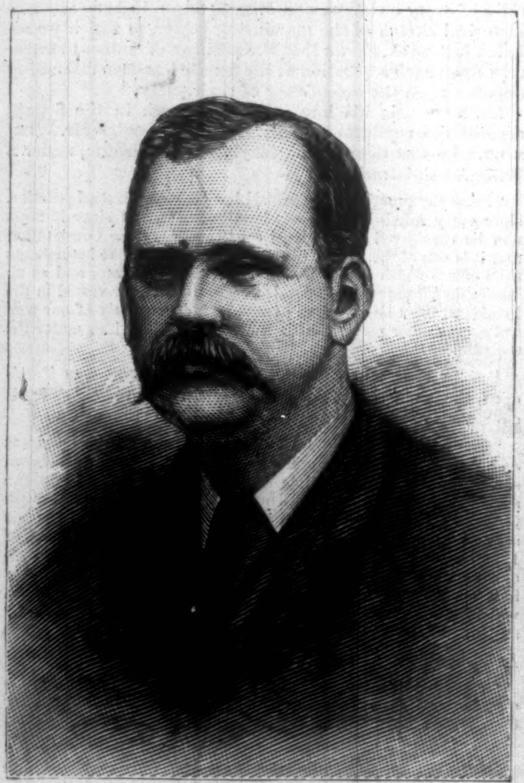
AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 203.]



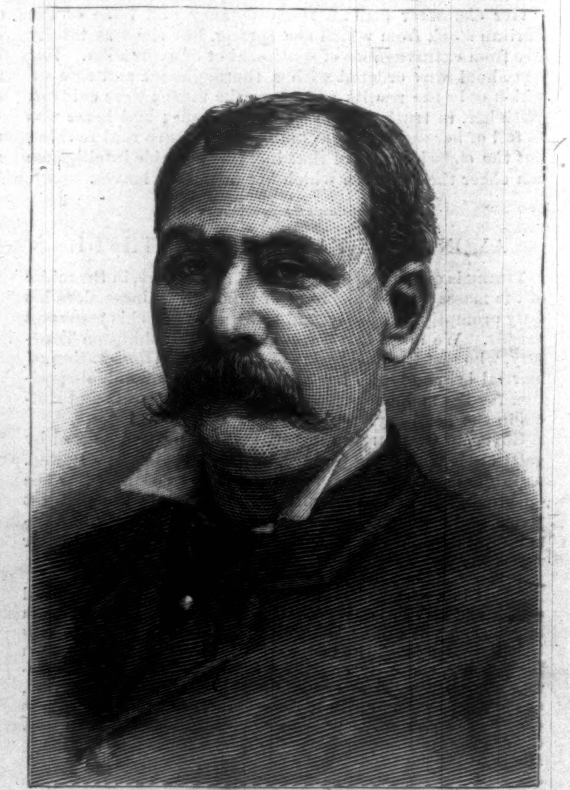
ELI MURRAY.—Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 203.]



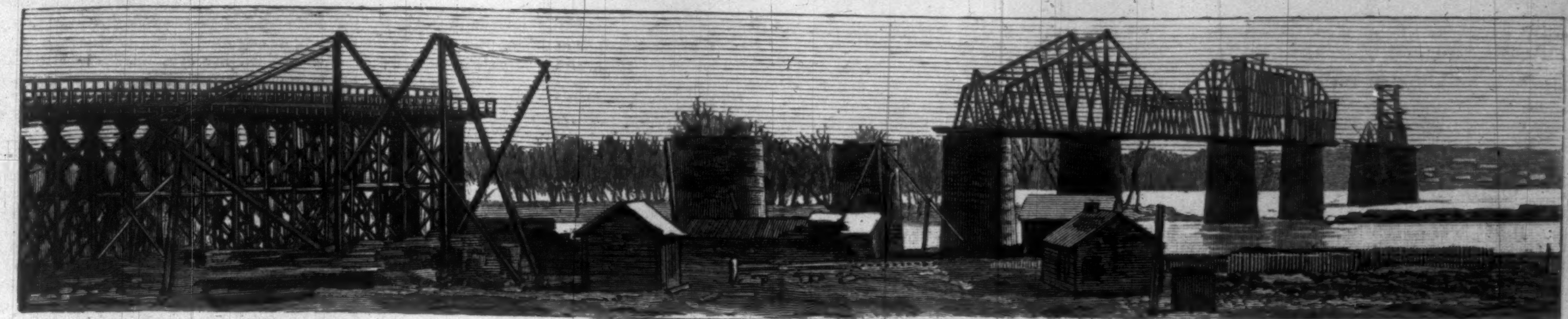
ALDERMAN HENRY W. JAEHNE.
Photographed by Anderson.—[See Page 203.]



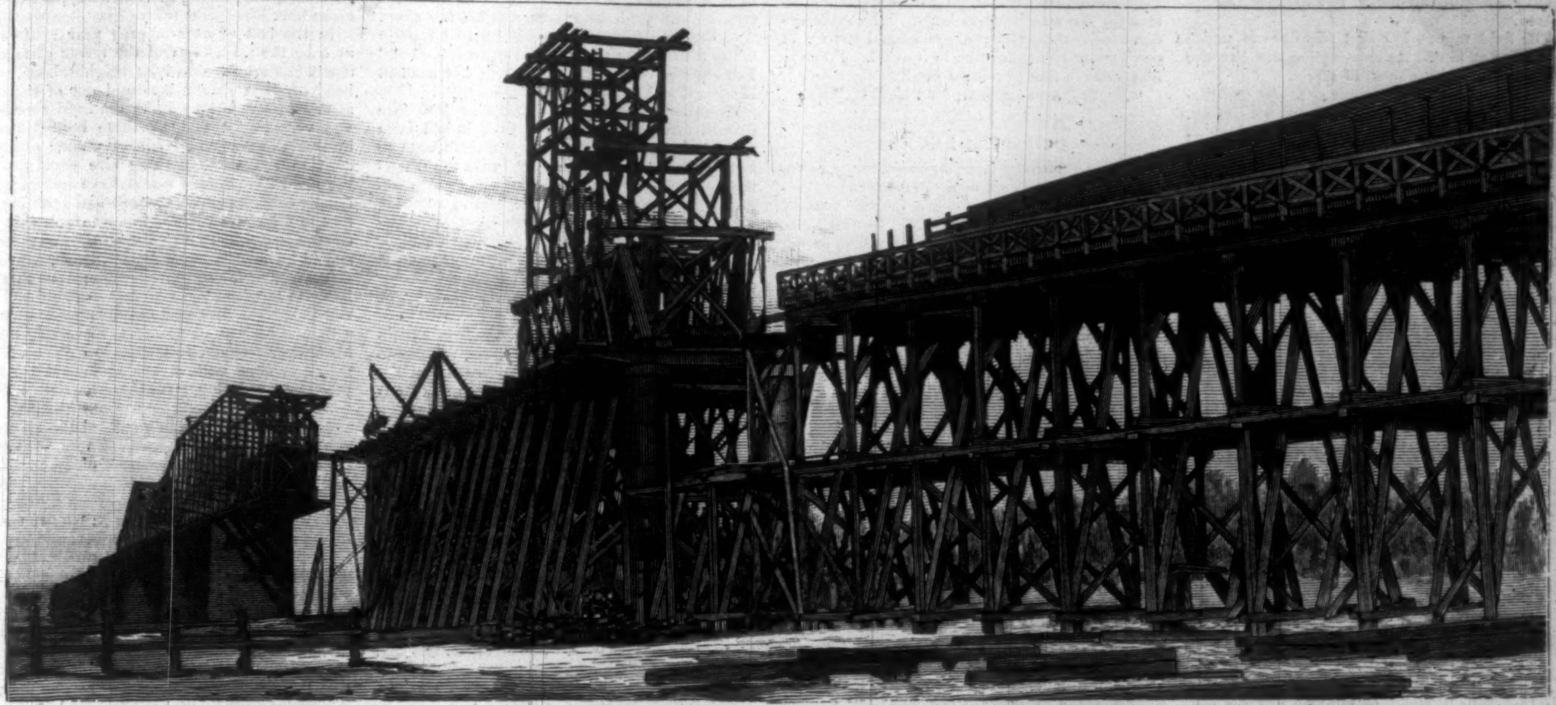
ALDERMAN JAMES PEARSON.
Photographed by J. U. Stead.—[See Page 203.]



INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES.
Photographed by Anderson.—[See Page 203.]

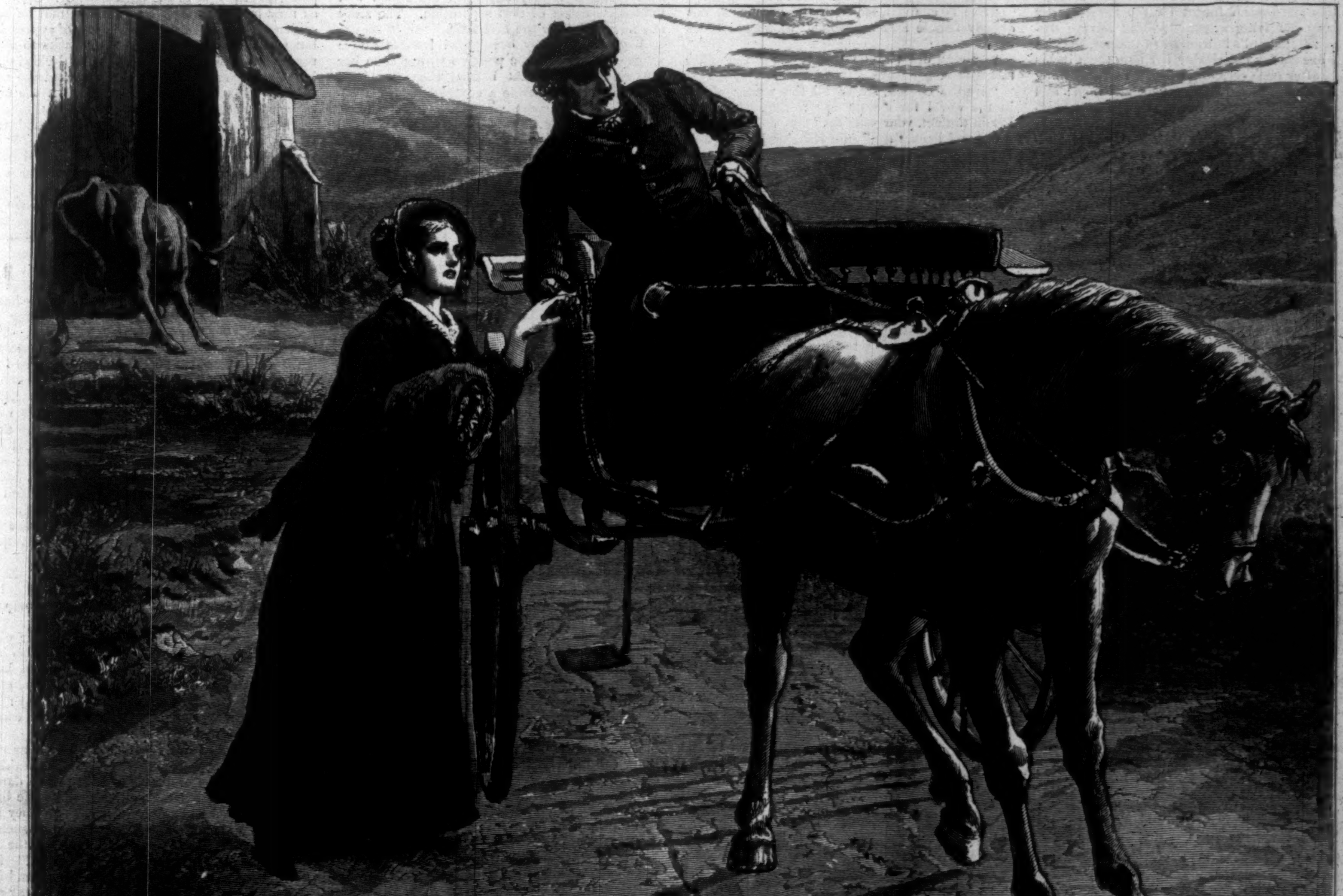


GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE.



THE RIVER SPAN.

THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO NEAR LOUISVILLE.—Photographed by Theodore Beust, New Albany, Indiana.—[See Page 206.]



"DONALD SAW HER, DREW UP, AND WAS HASTILY MADE ACQUAINTED WITH WHAT HAD OCCURRED."—[See Serial "The Mayor of Casterbridge," Page 198.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(*Continued.*)

HENCHARD thereupon left the field, and followed her. His state of mind was such that on reaching Lucetta's door he did not knock, but opened it, and walked straight up to her sitting-room, expecting to find her there. But the room was empty, and he perceived that in his haste he had somehow passed her on the way hither. He had not to wait many minutes, however, for he soon heard her dress rustling in the hall, followed by a soft closing of the door. In a moment she appeared.

The light was so low that she did not notice Henchard at first. As soon as she saw him she uttered a little cry, almost of terror.

"How can you frighten me so!" she exclaimed, with a flushed face. "It is past ten o'clock, and you have no right to surprise me here at such a time."

"I don't know that I've not the right. At any rate, I have the excuse. Is it so necessary that I should stop to think of manners and customs?"

"It is too late for propriety, and might injure me."

"I called an hour ago, and you would not see me, and I thought you were in when I called now. It is you, Lucetta, who are doing wrong. It is not proper in ye to throw me over like this. I have a little matter to remind you of, which you seem to forget."

She sank into a chair, and turned pale.

"I don't want to hear it—I don't want to hear it!" she said through her hands, as he, standing close to the edge of her dress, began to allude to the Jersey days.

"But you ought to hear it," said he.

"It came to nothing; and through you. Then why not leave me the freedom that I gained with such sorrow? Had I found that you married me for pure love I might have felt the vow binding, though it was not legal. But I soon learned that you had done it out of mere charity—almost as an unpleasant duty—because I had helped to save your life, and you thought you must repay me in some way. After that I did not care for you so deeply as before."

"Why did you come here to find me, then?"

"I thought I ought to remarry you for conscience' sake, since you were free, even though I—did not like you so well."

"And why, then, don't you think so now?"

She was silent. It was only too obvious that conscience had ruled well enough till new love had intervened and usurped that rule. In feeling this she herself forgot for the moment her partially justifying argument—that having discovered Henchard's infirmities of temper, she had some excuse for not risking her happiness in his hands after once escaping them. The only thing she could say was, "I was a poor girl then; and now my circumstances have altered, so I am hardly the same person."

"That's true. And it makes the case awkward for me. But I don't want to touch your money. I am quite willing that every penny of your property shall remain to your personal use. Besides, that argument has nothing in it. The man you are thinking of is no better than I."

"If you were as good as he, you would leave me!" she cried, passionately.

This unluckily aroused Henchard. "You belong to me, and you cannot in honor refuse me," he said. "And unless you give me your promise this very night to be my legal wife, before a witness, I'll disclose all—in common fairness to other men!"

A look of resignation settled upon her. Henchard saw its bitterness, and had Lucetta's heart been given to any other man in the world than Farfrae he would probably have had pity upon her at that moment. But the supplanter was the upstart (as Henchard called him) who had mounted into prominence upon his shoulders, and he could bring himself to show no mercy.

Without another word, she rang the bell, and directed that Elizabeth Jane should be fetched from her room. The latter appeared, surprised in the midst of her lucubrations. As soon as she saw Henchard she went across to him dutifully.

"Elizabeth Jane," he said, taking her hand, "I want you to hear this." And turning to Lucetta: "Will you or will you not marry me?"

"If you—wish it, I must agree."

"You say yes?"

"I do."

No sooner had she given the promise than she fell back in a fainting state.

"What dreadful thing drives her to say this, father, when it is such a pain to her?" asked Elizabeth, kneeling down by Lucetta. "Don't compel her to do anything against her will. I have lived with her, and know that she cannot bear much."

"Don't be a no'thern simpleton," said Henchard, dryly. "This promise will leave him free for you if you want him, won't it?"

At this Lucetta seemed to wake from her swoon with a start.

"Him? Who are you talking about?" she said, wildly.

"Nobody, as far as I am concerned," said Elizabeth, firmly.

"Oh—well. Then it is my mistake," said Henchard. "But the business is between me and Miss Templeman. She agrees to be my wife."

"But don't dwell on it just now," entreated Elizabeth Jane, holding Lucetta's hand.

"I don't wish to, if she promises," said Henchard.

"I have—I have," groaned Lucetta, her limbs hanging like flails from very misery and faintness. "Michael, please don't argue it any more."

"I will not," he said; and taking up his hat, he went away.

Elizabeth Jane continued to kneel by Lucetta. "What is this?" she said. "You called my father 'Michael,' as if you knew him well? And how is it he has got this power over you that you promise to marry him against your will? Ah! you have many, many secrets from me."

"Perhaps you have some from me," Lucetta murmured, with closed eyes, little thinking, however, so unsuspicious was she, that the secret of Elizabeth's heart concerned the young man who had caused this damage to her own.

"I would not—do anything against you at all," stammered Elizabeth, keeping in all signs of emotion till she was ready to burst. "I cannot understand how my father can command you so. I don't sympathize with him in it at all. I'll go to him and ask him to release you."

"No, no," said Lucetta; "let it all be."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next morning Henchard went to the Town-hall opposite Lucetta's house to attend Petty Sessions, being still a magistrate for the year by virtue of his late office of Mayor. In passing he looked up at her windows, but nothing of her was to be seen.

Henchard as a justice of the peace may at first seem to be an even greater incongruity than Shallow and Silence themselves. But his rough-and-ready perceptions, his sledge-hammer directness, had often served him better than nice legal knowledge in despatching such simple business as fell to his hands in this court. To-day, the Mayor for the year being absent, he took the big chair, his eyes still abstractedly stretching out of the window to the ashlar front of High Street Hall.

There was one case only, and the offender stood before him. She was an old woman of mottled countenance, attired in a shawl of that nameless tertiary hue which comes, but cannot be made—a hue neither tawny, russet, hazel, nor ash; a sticky black bonnet that seemed to have been worn in the country of the Psalmist, where the clouds drop fatness; and an apron that had been white in times so comparatively recent as still to contrast visibly with the rest of her clothes. The steeped aspect of the woman as a whole showed her to be no native of the country-side, or even of a country-town.

She looked cursorily at Henchard and the second magistrate, and Henchard looked at her, with a momentary pause, as if she had reminded him indistinctly of somebody or something which passed from his mind as quickly as it had come. "Well, and what has she been doing?" he said, looking down at the charge-sheet.

"She is charged, sir, with the offence of disorderly female and vagabond," whispered Stubberd.

"Where did she do that?" said the other magistrate.

"By the church, sir, of all the wrong places in the world for shouts and rolling. I caught her in the act, your worship."

"Stand back, then," said Henchard, "and let's hear what you've got to say."

Stubberd was sworn, the magistrate's clerk dipped his pen, and the constable began:

"Hearing a illegal noise, I went down the street at twenty-five minutes past eleven P.M. on the night of the fifth instinct, Hannah Dominy. When I had—"

"Don't go on so fast, Stubberd," said the clerk.

The constable waited, with his eyes on the clerk's pen, till the latter stopped scratching and said "yes." Stubberd continued: "When I had proceeded to the spot, I saw defendant at another spot, namely, the gutter." He paused, watching the point of the clerk's pen again.

"'Gutter,' yes, Stubberd."

"Spot measuring twelve feet nine inches or thereabouts from where I—" Still careful not to outrun the clerk's penmanship, Stubberd pulled up again; for having got his evidence by heart, it was immaterial to him whereabouts he broke off.

"I object to that," spoke up the old woman; "'spot measuring twelve feet nine or thereabouts from where I,' is not good evidence."

The two magistrates consulted, and then one of them said that the Bench was of opinion that twelve feet nine inches from a man on his oath was admissible evidence. Stubberd, with a suppressed gaze of victorious rectitude at the old woman, continued: "Was standing myself. She was wambling about quite dangerous to the thoroughfare, and when I approached to draw near, she insulted me."

"'Insulted me'. . . .Yes, what did she say?"

"She said, 'Put away that dee lantern,' says she."

"Yes."

"Says she, 'Dost hear, old turmut-head? Put away that dee lantern. I have floored fellers a dee sight finer-looking than thee, dee me if I hain't,' she says."

"I object to that conversation," interposed the old woman. "I was not capable enough to hear what I said, and what's said out of my hearing is not evidence."

There was another stoppage for consultation, a book was referred to, and finally Stubberd was allowed to go on again. The truth was that the old woman had appeared in Court so many more times than the magistrates that they were obliged to keep a sharp lookout upon their procedure. However, when Stubberd had rambled on a little further, Henchard broke out impatiently, "Come—we don't want to hear any more of them cust d's! Say the word out like a man, and don't be so modest, Stubberd: or else leave it alone." Turning to the woman, "Now, then, have you any questions to ask him, or anything to say?"

"Yes," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye; and the clerk dipped his pen.

"Twenty years ago I was a-selling of furmity in a tent at Weydon Fair—"

"Twenty years ago'—well, that's beginning at the beginning!" said the clerk, not without satire.

But Henchard stared, and quite forgot what was evidence and what was not.

"A man and a woman with a little child came into my tent," the woman continued. "They sat down and had a basin apiece. I was of a more respectable station in life then than I am now, being a land-smuggler in a large way of business; and I used to season my furmity with rum for them who asked for't. I did it for the man; and then he had more and more; till at last he quarrelled with his wife, and offered to sell her to the highest bidder. A sailor came in and bid five guineas, and paid the money, and led her away. And the man who sold his wife in that fashion is the man sitting there in the great big chair." The speaker concluded by nodding her head at Henchard and folding her arms.

Everybody looked at Henchard. His face seemed strained, and in tint as if it had been powdered over with ashes. "We don't want to hear your life and adventures," said the magistrate's clerk, sharply, filling the pause which followed. "You've been asked if you've anything to say bearing on the case."

"That bears on the case. It proves that he's no better than I, and has no right to sit there in judgment upon me."

"'Tis a concocted story," said the clerk. "So hold your tongue."

"No; 'tis true." The words came from Henchard. "'Tis as true as the light," he said, slowly. "And upon my soul, it does prove that I'm no better than she. And to keep out of any temptation to treat her hard for her revenge, I'll leave her to you."

Henchard left the chair and came out of the court, passing through a group of people on the steps and outside that was much larger than usual; for it seemed that the old furmity-dealer had mysteriously hinted to the denizens of the lane in which she had been lodging since her arrival that she knew a queer thing or two about their great local man Mr. Henchard, if she chose to tell it. This had brought them hither.

"Why are there so many idlers round the Town-hall to-day?" said Lucetta to her servant, when the case was over. She had risen late, and had just looked out of the window.

"Oh, please, ma'am, 'tis this larry about Mr. Henchard. A woman has proved that when he was a young man he sold his wife for five guineas in a booth at a fair."

In all the accounts which Henchard had given her of the separation from his wife Susan for so many years, of his belief in her death, and so on, he had never clearly explained the actual and immediate cause of that separation. The story she now heard for the first time.

A gradual misery overspread Lucetta's face as she dwelt upon the promise wrung from her the night before. At bottom, then, Henchard was this. How terrible a contingency for a woman who should commit herself to his care!

During the day she went out to the Ring, and to other places, not coming in till nearly dusk. As soon as she saw Elizabeth Jane after her return in-doors she told her that she had resolved to go away from home to the sea-side for a few days—to Port-Breedy. Casterbridge was so gloomy.

Elizabeth Jane, seeing that she looked wan and disturbed, encouraged her in the idea, thinking a change would afford her relief. She could not help suspecting that the gloom which had seemed to have come over Casterbridge in Lucetta's eyes might be partially owing to the fact that Farfrae was away from home.

Elizabeth Jane saw her friend depart for Port-Breedy, and took charge of High Street Hall till her return. After two or three days of solitude and incessant rain, Henchard called at the house. He seemed disappointed to hear of Lucetta's absence, and though he nodded with outward indifference, he went away handling his beard with a nettled mien.

The next day he called again. "Is she come now?" he asked.

"Yes; she returned this morning," replied his step-daughter. "But she is not in-doors. She has gone for a walk along the turnpike-road to Port-Breedy. She will be home by dusk."

After a few words, which only served to reveal his restless impatience, he left the house again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT this hour Lucetta was bounding along the road to Port-Breedy just as Elizabeth Jane had announced. That she had chosen for her afternoon walk the road along which she had returned to Casterbridge three hours earlier in a carriage was curious—if anything should be called curious in concatenations of phenomena wherein each is known to have its accounting cause. It was the day of the chief market—Saturday—and Farfrae for once had been missed from his corn stand in the dealers' room. Nevertheless, it was known that he would be home that night—"for Sunday," as Casterbridge expressed it.

Lucetta, in continuing her walk, had at length reached the end of the ranked trees which bordered the highway in this and other directions out of the town. This end marked a mile, and here she stopped.

The spot was a vale between two gentle acclivities, and the road, still adhering to its Roman foundation, stretched onward straight as a surveyor's line till lost to sight on the most distant ridge. There was neither hedge nor tree in the prospect now, the road clinging to the stubbly expanse of corn-land like a stripe to an undulating garment. Near her was a barn—the single building of any kind within her horizon.

She strained her eyes up the lessening road, but nothing appeared thereon, not so much as a speck. She sighed one word, "Donald!" and turned her face to the town for retreat.

Here the case was different. A single figure was approaching her—Elizabeth Jane's.

Lucetta, in spite of her loneliness, seemed a little vexed. Elizabeth came on, her face shaping itself into affectionate lines, while yet beyond speaking distance, as soon as she recognized her friend. "I suddenly thought I would come and meet you," she said, smiling.

Lucetta's reply was taken from her lips by an unexpected diversion. A by-road on her right hand descended from the fields into the highway at the point where she stood, and down the track a bull was rambling uncertainly toward her and Elizabeth, who, facing the other way, did not observe him.

In the last quarter of each year cattle were at once the mainstay and the terror of families about Casterbridge and its neighborhood. The head of stock driven into and out of the town at this season to be sold by the local auctioneer was very large; and all these horned beasts, in travelling to and fro, sent women and children to shelter as nothing else could do. In the main the animals would have walked along quietly enough, but the Casterbridge tradition was that to drive stock it was indispensable that hideous cries, coupled with Yahoo antics and gestures, should be used, large sticks flourished, stray dogs called in, and in general everything done that was likely to infuriate the viciously disposed and terrify the mild. Nothing was commoner than for a householder on going out of his parlor to find his hall or passage full of little children, nursemaids, or aged women, who apologized for their presence by saying, "Bull passing down street from the sale."

Lucetta and Elizabeth regarded the animal in doubt, he meanwhile drawing vaguely toward them. It was a large specimen of the breed; in color rich dun, though disfigured at present by splotches of mud about his seamy sides. His horns were thick and tipped with brass; his two nostrils like the Thames Tunnel as seen in the perspective toys of yore. Between them, through the gristle of his nose, was a stout copper ring, welded on, and irremovable as Gurth's collar of brass. To the ring was attached an ash staff about a yard long, which the bull with the motions of his head flung about like a flail.

It was not till they observed this dangling stick that the young women were really alarmed; for it revealed to them that the bull was an old one, too savage to be driven, which had in some way escaped, the staff being the means by which the drover controlled him, and kept his horns at arm's-length.

They looked round for some shelter or hiding-place, and thought of the barn hard by. As long as they had kept their eyes on the bull he had shown some deference in his manner of approach; but no sooner did they turn their backs to seek the barn than he tossed his head, and decided that his mood should be rage. This caused the two helpless girls to run wildly, whereupon the bull advanced in a furious charge.

The barn stood behind a green slimy pond, and it was closed, with the exception of one of the usual pair of doors facing them, which had been propped open by a hurdle-stake, and for this opening they made. The interior had been cleared by a recent bout of threshing, except at one end, where there was a stack of dry clover. Elizabeth Jane took in the situation. "We must climb up there," she said, hurriedly.

But before they had even approached it they heard the bull scampering through the pond without, and in a second he dashed into the barn, knocked down the hurdle-stake in passing, so that the heavy door slammed behind him. The mistaken creature saw them, and with lowered head plunged toward the end of the barn into which they had fled. The girls quickly doubled, so adroitly, indeed, that their pursuer's horns struck against the wall when the fugitives were already half-way to the other end. By the time that his length would allow him to turn and follow them thither, they had crossed over; and thus the pursuit went on, not a moment being attainable by Elizabeth or Lucetta in which to open the door. It was possible that the impact of his horns upon the stone-work had caused the bull some pain, for he was more violent than ever.

"Don't turn your back to him," cried Elizabeth Jane. "We made a mistake in that. If I could get hold of the leading-stick, perhaps I could manage him."

Lucetta was too terrified to heed or hear what her younger companion said. She looked so lily-like that the other beseeched: "Keep up, keep up, dear, and move behind me! Could you open the door if I were to draw him off this way?"

"Oh, no, no! I cannot. I wish he would come! It is all over with us now!"

Elizabeth Jane, being much the cooler as well as the stronger, had, whilst Lucetta was speaking, by a combination of dexterity and courage, darted forward and seized the staff affixed to the bull. So accustomed had the animal been to obey the holder of that staff that for a moment—such is discipline—he seemed quite cowed, while the girl cried to Lucetta, "Climb the clover stack!" But the bull, soon finding that he was in new and fragile hands, began swaying his head this way and that, dragging Elizabeth with him as if she were a reed.

Her danger was imminent, and her sole chance lay in keeping the staff extended, while a thrust against the wall might probably have been the end of her.

"I can hold on no longer," she gasped, the hot air from her antagonist's nostrils blowing over her like a sirocco. She suddenly let go, and scrambled up the clover by a short ladder which lay half buried in the stack. Reaching the top, she was comparatively safe, unless the bull should undermine the stack, which was but loosely piled. He contented himself, however, for the present, with knocking down the ladder. She now looked round for Lucetta, whom she believed to have gone up before her. But Lucetta was not behind her anywhere; and in a few instants, to her horror, she perceived her companion at the other and vacant end of the barn, whither she had run in her bewilderment, while Elizabeth was engaged with the animal.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1515.

The bull, too, saw Lucetta now, and depressed his horns with deliberate aim, as if he felt there was plenty of time at last to do the thing well. A rattling at the door distracted him. In a moment a man burst in, plunged toward the leading-staff, seized it, and wrenched the animal's head as if he would snap it off. The wrench was in reality so violent that the thick neck seemed to have lost its stiffness and to become half paralyzed, whilst the nose spat blood. The premeditated human contrivance of the nose-ring was too cunning for impulsive brute force, and the creature quailed.

The man was seen in the partial gloom to be large-framed, active, and unhesitating. He quickly led the bull to the door, and the light revealed Henchard. He made the bull fast without, and reëntered to the succor of Lucetta, for he had not perceived Elizabeth Jane in her perch aloft. Lucetta was hysterical, and Henchard took her in his arms and carried her to the door.

"You—have saved me!" she cried, as soon as she could speak.

"I have returned your kindness," he responded, tenderly. "You once saved me."

"How—comes it to be you—you?" she asked, not heeding him.

"Fortunately I came out here to look for you. I have been wanting to tell you something these two or three days; but you have been away, and I could not. Perhaps you cannot talk now?"

"Oh—no. Where is Elizabeth?"

"Here am I!" cried the missing one, cheerfully; and without waiting for the ladder to be placed she slid down the face of the clover stack to the floor. "I thought you were up there!" she said. "But thank God, 'tis all right now. He always protects us when we don't expect Him to."

Henchard supporting Lucetta on one side, and Elizabeth Jane on the other, they went slowly along the rising road. They had reached the top, and were descending again, when Lucetta, now much recovered, recollected that she had left her muff in the barn.

"I'll run back," said Elizabeth Jane. "I don't mind it at all, as I am not as tired as you are." She thereupon hastened down again to the barn, the others pursuing their way.

Elizabeth Jane soon found the muff, such an article being by no means small at that time. Coming out, she paused to look for a moment at the bull, now rather to be pitied with his bleeding nose. Henchard had secured him by jamming the staff into the hinge of the barn door, and wedging it there with a stake. At length she turned to hasten onward after her contemplation, when she saw a green and black gig approaching from the contrary direction, the vehicle being driven by Farfrae.

His presence here seemed to explain Lucetta's walk that way. Donald saw her, drew up, and was hastily made acquainted with what had occurred. At Elizabeth Jane mentioning how greatly Lucetta's life had been jeopardized, he exhibited an agitation different in kind no less than in intensity from any she had seen in him before. He became so absorbed in the circumstances that he scarcely had sufficient knowledge of what he was doing to think of helping her up beside him.

"She has gone on with Mr. Henchard, you say?" he inquired at last.

"Yes. He is taking her home. They are almost there by this time."

"And you are sure she can get home?"

Elizabeth Jane was quite sure.

"Your step-father saved her?"

"Entirely."

Farfrae checked his horse's pace; she guessed why. He was thinking that it would be best not to intrude on the other two just now. Henchard had saved Lucetta, and to provoke a possible exhibition of her deeper affection for himself was as ungenerous as it was unwise.

The immediate subject of their talk being exhausted, she felt more embarrassed at sitting thus beside her past lover; but soon the two figures of the others were visible at the entrance to the town. The face of the woman was frequently turned back, but Farfrae did not whip on the horse. When these reached the town walls, Henchard and his companion had disappeared down the street; Farfrae set down Elizabeth Jane, on her expressing a particular wish to alight there, and drove round to the stables at the back of his lodgings.

On this account he entered the house through his garden, and going up to his apartments, found them in a particularly disturbed state, his boxes being hauled out upon the landing, and his bookcase standing in three pieces. These phenomena, however, seemed to cause him not the least surprise. "When will everything be sent up?" he said to the mistress of the house, who was superintending.

"I am afraid not before eight, sir," said she. "You see we wasn't aware till this morning that you were going to move, or we could have been forwarder."

"A—well, never mind, never mind!" said Farfrae, cheerily. "Eight o'clock will do well enough, if it be not later. Now don't ye be standing here talking, or it will be twelve, I doubt." Thus speaking, he went out by the front door and up the street.

During this interval Henchard and Lucetta had had experiences of a different kind. After Elizabeth's departure for the muff the corn-merchant opened himself frankly, holding her hand within his arm, though she would fain have withdrawn it. "I have been very, very anxious to see you these two or three days," he said—"ever since I saw you last. I have thought over the way I got your promise that night. You said to me, 'If I were a man I should not insist.' That cut me deep. I felt that there was some truth in it. I don't want to make you wretched, and to marry me just now would do that as nothing else could—it is but too plain. Therefore I agree to an indefinite engagement—to put off all thought of marriage for a year or two."

"But—but—can I do nothing of a different kind?" said Lucetta. "I am full of gratitude to you—you have saved my life. And your care of me is like coals of fire on my head. I am rich. Surely I can do something in return for your goodness—something practical?"

Henchard remained in thought. He had evidently not expected this. "There is one thing you might do, Lucetta," he said. "But not exactly of that kind."

"Then of what kind is it?" she asked, with renewed misgiving.

"I must tell you a secret to ask it. You may have heard that I have been unlucky this year. I did what I have never done before—speculated rashly; and I lost. That's just put me in a strait."

"And you would wish me to advance same money?"

"No, no," said Henchard, almost in anger. "I'm not the man to sponge on a women, even though she may be so nearly my own as you. No, Lucetta; what you can do is this; and it would save me. My great creditor is Grower, and it is at his hands I shall suffer, if at anybody's; while a fortnight's forbearance on his part would be enough to allow me to pull through. This may be got out of him in one way—that you would let it be known to him that you are my intended—that we are to be quietly married in the next fortnight. Now stop, you haven't heard all. Let him have this story, without, of course, any prejudice to the fact that the actual engagement between us is very thin and remote. Nobody else need know: you could go with me to Mr. Grower, and just let me speak to ye before him as if we were on such terms. We'll ask him to keep it secret. He will willingly wait then. At the fortnight's end I shall be able to face him; and I can coolly tell him all is postponed between us for a year or two. Not a soul in the town need know how you've helped me. Since you wish to be of use, there's your way."

It being now what the people call the "pinking in" of the day, that is, the quarter-hour just before dusk, he did not at first observe the result of his words upon her.

"If it were anything else," she began, and the dryness of her lips was represented in her voice.

"But it is such a little thing!" he said, with a deep reproach. "Less than you have offered—just the seeming to do what you have so lately promised. I could have told him as much myself, but he would not have believed me."

"It is not because I won't—it is because I absolutely can't," she said, with rising distress.

"You are provoking!" he burst out. "It is enough to make me force you to abide by what you have promised."

"I cannot," she insisted, desperately.

"Why? When I have only within these few minutes released you from your promise to do the real thing off-hand."

"Because—he was a witness."

"Witness! Of what?"

"If I must tell you— Don't, don't upbraid me."

"Well? Let's hear what you mean?"

"Witness of my marriage—Mr. Grower was."

"Marriage?"

"Yes. With Mr. Farfrae. I am already his wife. We were married this week at Port-Breedy. There were reasons against our doing it here. Mr. Grower was a witness because he happened to be at Port-Breedy at the time."

Henchard stood as if idiotized. She was so alarmed at his silence that she murmured something about lending him sufficient money to tide over the perilous fortnight.

"Married him?" said Henchard at length. "My good—what, married him whilst—bound to marry me?"

"It was like this," she explained, with tears in her eyes and quavers in her voice; "don't—don't be cruel! I loved him so much, and I thought you might tell him of the past—and that grieved me. And then, when I had promised you, I learned of the rumor that you had—sold your first wife at a fair, like a horse or a cow. How could I keep my promise after hearing that? I could not risk myself in your hands; it would have been letting myself down to take your name after such a scandal. But I knew I should lose Donald if I did not secure him at once—for you would carry out your threat of telling him our relations, as long as there was a chance of keeping me for yourself by doing so. But you will not do so now, will you, Michael; for it is too late to separate us?"

The notes of St. Jude's bells in full peal had been wafted to them while she spoke; and now the thumping of the town band, renowned for its unstinted use of the drumstick, throbbed down the street.

"Then this racket they are making is on account of it, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes—I think he has told them, or else Mr. Grower has. . . . May I leave you now? My—he was detained at Port-Breedy to-day, and sent me on a few hours before him."

"Then it is *his wife's* life I have saved this afternoon."

"Yes—and he will be forever grateful to you."

"I am much obliged to him. . . . Oh, you false woman!" burst from Henchard. "You promised me!"

"Yes, yes. But it was under compulsion, and I did not know all your past—"

"And now I've a mind to punish 'ee as you deserve! One word to this bran-new husband, and your precious happiness is blown to atoms."

"Michael—pity me, and be generous."

"You don't deserve pity."

"I'll help you pay off your debt."

"A pensioner of Farfrae's wife—not I! Don't stay with me longer—I shall say something worse. Go home."

She disappeared under the trees of the south walk as the band came round the corner, awaking the echoes of every stock and stone in celebration of her happiness. Lucetta took no heed, but ran up the back street and reached her own home unperceived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOSS OF THE "OREGON."

SHORTLY before daybreak on Sunday, March 14, the Cunard steamer *Oregon* sighted Fire Island Light. The travel-weary on board of her must have felt that they were almost as good as in port. It was a still, starlight night; the sea was as smooth as a lake; the ship was pushing westward at the rate of eighteen knots an hour; nobody could have guessed any reason why breakfast should not be eaten inside of Sandy Hook. Some thirty of the steamer's people were on deck. Two men were on the lookout on the turtle-back away forward, and a third stood at the forward end of the promenade deck, ready to pass any word from them to the officers on the bridge. On the bridge were Chief Officer WILLIAM GEORGE MATTHEWS and Fourth Officer WILLIAM MCMANUS. Suddenly, Mr. MATTHEWS says, a bright light appeared about one point on the port bow, and almost immediately darkened. It seemed to be held up by somebody on the deck of a vessel. No mast-head or side lights were visible, and the two officers at the moment took the vessel for a pilot-boat. Knowing that the captain did not wish to take on a pilot until the bar was reached, the chief officer put the wheel aport to get the boat more abroad on the bow. Directly a schooner loomed upon the steamer's port bow, and struck her a few feet forward of the bridge. The schooner rebounded, plunged forward, and struck again. The huge steamer did not heel under the shock, but there was an ominous sound of rending and tearing of the iron plates. When, in the excitement, those on the steamer's deck looked again for the schooner, she was gone. No cry was heard from her; no wreckage, no trace of her of any kind, remained.

The sleepers in the state-rooms and steerage below had not been roused by the shock. Orders were soon given to awaken them, however. The great steamer had been terribly wounded, and tons of water were pouring in through her broken side. Two of the compartments had been cut into, one of them the largest of the compartments into which the ship was divided.

Passengers hurried on deck, protected only by such articles of clothing as could be caught up in their frightened haste. Guns were fired and rockets were sent up as signals for assistance. Captain PHILIP COTTIER, the commander of the *Oregon*, had retired to his room at four o'clock, half an hour before the collision occurred. He had been kept up by a fog, and had retired only after it had cleared away. The collision brought him out again, and he directed the subsequent work. The steam-pumps and hand-pumps were set going, but they were powerless to overcome the rush of water. Efforts made to stop the leak by forcing down sails and mattresses on the outside of the hull were unsuccessful. The water gained steadily, and at length the fires in the engine-room were extinguished. While the ship's boats were being got in readiness, the firemen and stokers, about one hundred in number, rushed on deck and endeavored to get into the boats in advance of the women and children, when Second Officer HURD sprang among them and clubbed them without mercy, right and left, until they retreated, and other similar attempts at disorder were likewise checked in the beginning by the vigorous and fearless action of the ship's officers.

The pilot-boat *Phantom* (No. 11) answered the signals of the *Oregon*, and later the coasting schooner *Fannie A. Gorham*, and the passengers and crew of the sinking steamer were transferred to these; and still later the North German Lloyds steamer *Fulda*, from Bremen, came up, and took them all on board and into this port. There were on the *Oregon* 186 first-cabin passengers, 66 second-cabin, and 389 in the steerage, making, with the crew of 255 men, 896 persons, all told.

Before all the passengers had been got on board the *Fulda*, the *Oregon* sank. This occurred three-quarters of an hour after noon—eight and a quarter hours after the collision. She lurched forward, snapping off her foremast, and sank, with her stern lifted at an angle of forty-five degrees, in twenty fathoms of water, showing her topmasts after she had settled upon the bottom.

The rescued people were fed on board the *Fulda*, and brought speedily into New York Harbor. The *Oregon* cost a million and a quarter of dollars, and her cargo was worth a quarter of a million. The cabin passengers lost a great deal in the way of baggage, money, and jewels. Mrs. E. D. MORGAN, of this city, lost $30,000 worth of diamonds, and another passenger $5000 in cash. This was to have been the last trip of the *Oregon* to New York, it having been the purpose of the Cunard Company to transfer her to their Boston line.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT has recently been noticed that there is near the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the northwestern part of North Carolina, an arrangement of rock from which the Egyptian Sphinx seems to have been copied. Pilot Knob is the homely appellation which has been bestowed upon the North Carolina formation. It appears to have been thrown together by nature, and for that reason it seems likely that the Egyptian Sphinx is, of the two, the imitation, since it is common for man to copy from nature, whereas nature seldom bestows a like flattery upon man, and the Sphinx is believed to be of human manufacture. Pilot Knob, moreover, has the advantage over its Egyptian semblance of being a great many times larger. It rises fifteen hundred feet from the plain in which its base is fixed, and must indeed be, as a chronicler of its vast proportions avers, when compared with the Sphinx, as the hugest of Brobdinghagians to the smallest of the men of Lilliput. It is said to look like a thing of intelligence, and can be seen fifty miles away.

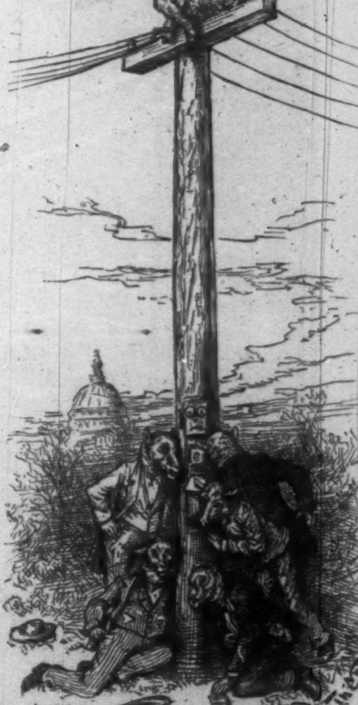
The almost incredible story is told of a Western farmer that, some years ago, hearing burglars breaking into his house, and being out of buckshot, he hurriedly loaded his gun with a box of pills, which were compounded, however, of a soft material, and merely smeared the burglars somewhat, as warmed cobbler's wax might have done, when the weapon was discharged; and that the other day, again hearing burglars and being out of buckshot, and bearing his former failure in mind, he loaded up with pills which were sugar-coated, and shot one burglar dead and seriously wounded another.

Twelve hundred drums, it is said, are turned out of the little village of Granville, in Massachusetts, every day. If as much noise could be turned out of this town, with what increase of gratitude would people throw their windows open in warm weather!

A barn near Omaha covers five acres of ground, and is said to be the largest in the world. It was made thus vast, not with the idea that its weight would secure it against removal by cyclones, but with the view to accommodate almost four thousand head of cattle. When such an establishment and its contents go journeying upon the bosom of a tornado, the picturesqueness of Western incident will be even greater than it is at present.

They are long and heavy hands, according to statistics, which point the time upon the clock dial on Westminster Abbey. The minute-hand is sixteen feet long, and the hour-hand is nine, and each weighs one hundred pounds.

Last St. Patrick's Day was to be celebrated with great spirit in a certain Western town, and a meeting was held to decide about the torch-light procession. "Misther Chairman," said a speaker, "I move ye, in consideration of the condition of the star-rving poor of Oirland, that we do not spind the money for new tor-rches, but use some second-hand ones lift over from the Garfield campaign." "Misther Chairman," said another citizen, "oi'm not in favor of as foine-formed a body of min as the St. Pathrick's Club walking down the street, and the gur-rls looking on, with sicond-hand torches; and oi move, sorr, that the club purchase the bist torches in the market—thim that's advertised in the papers." "What torches is thim that's advertised?" "The bist—Brown's Bonichal Torches."



PAN-IC MUSIC—VERY ELECTRIC.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.[*]

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(*Continued.*)

HENCHARD thereupon left the field, and followed her. His state of mind was such that on reaching Lucetta's door he did not knock, but opened it, and walked straight up to her sitting-room, expecting to find her there. But the room was empty, and he perceived that in his haste he had somehow passed her on the way hither. He had not to wait many minutes, however, for he soon heard her dress rustling in the hall, followed by a soft closing of the door. In a moment she appeared.

The light was so low that she did not notice Henchard at first. As soon as she saw him she uttered a little cry, almost of terror.

"How can you frighten me so!" she exclaimed, with a flushed face. "It is past ten o'clock, and you have no right to surprise me here at such a time."

"I don't know that I've not the right. At any rate, I have the excuse. Is it so necessary that I should stop to think of manners and customs?"

"It is too late for propriety, and might injure me."

"I called an hour ago, and you would not see me, and I thought you were in when I called now. It is you, Lucetta, who are doing wrong. It is not proper in ye to throw me over like this. I have a little matter to remind you of, which you seem to forget."

She sank into a chair, and turned pale.

"I don't want to hear it—I don't want to hear it!" she said through her hands, as he, standing close to the edge of her dress, began to allude to the Jersey days.

"But you ought to hear it," said he.

"It came to nothing; and through you. Then why not leave me the freedom that I gained with such sorrow? Had I found that you married me for pure love I might have felt the vow binding, though it was not legal. But I soon learned that you had done it out of mere charity—almost as an unpleasant duty—because I had helped to save your life, and you thought you must repay me in some way. After that I did not care for you so deeply as before."

"Why did you come here to find me, then?"

"I thought I ought to remarry you for conscience' sake, since you were free, even though I—did not like you so well."

"And why, then, don't you think so now?"

She was silent. It was only too obvious that conscience had ruled well enough till new love had intervened and usurped that rule. In feeling this she herself forgot for the moment her partially justifying argument—that having discovered Henchard's infirmities of temper, she had some excuse for not risking her happiness in his hands after once escaping them. The only thing she could say was, "I was a poor girl then; and now my circumstances have altered, so I am hardly the same person."

"That's true. And it makes the case awkward for me. But I don't want to touch your money. I am quite willing that every penny of your property shall remain to your personal use. Besides, that argument has nothing in it. The man you are thinking of is no better than I."

"If you were as good as he, you would leave me!" she cried, passionately.

This unluckily aroused Henchard. "You belong to me, and you cannot in honor refuse me," he said. "And unless you give me your promise this very night to be my legal wife, before a witness, I'll disclose all—in common fairness to other men!"

A look of resignation settled upon her. Henchard saw its bitterness, and had Lucetta's heart been given to any other man in the world than Farfrae he would probably have had pity upon her at that moment. But the supplanter was the upstart (as Henchard called him) who had mounted into prominence upon his shoulders, and he could bring himself to show no mercy.

Without another word, she rang the bell, and directed that Elizabeth Jane should be fetched from her room. The latter appeared, surprised in the midst of her lucubrations. As soon as she saw Henchard she went across to him dutifully.

"Elizabeth Jane," he said, taking her hand, "I want you to hear this." And turning to Lucetta: "Will you or will you not marry me?"

"If you—wish it, I must agree."

"You say yes?"

"I do."

No sooner had she given the promise than she fell back in a fainting state.

"What dreadful thing drives her to say this, father, when it is such a pain to her?" asked Elizabeth, kneeling down by Lucetta. "Don't compel her to do anything against her will. I have lived with her, and know that she cannot bear much."

"Don't be a no'thern simpleton," said Henchard, dryly. "This promise will leave him free for you if you want him, won't it?"

At this Lucetta seemed to wake from her swoon with a start.

"Him? Who are you talking about?" she said, wildly.

"Nobody, as far as I am concerned," said Elizabeth, firmly.

"Oh—well. Then it is my mistake," said Henchard. "But the business is between me and Miss Templeman. She agrees to be my wife."

"But don't dwell on it just now," entreated Elizabeth Jane, holding Lucetta's hand.

"I don't wish to, if she promises," said Henchard.

"I have—I have," groaned Lucetta, her limbs hanging like flails from very misery and faintness. "Michael, please don't argue it any more."

"I will not," he said; and taking up his hat, he went away.

Elizabeth Jane continued to kneel by Lucetta. "What is this?" she said. "You called my father 'Michael,' as if you knew him well? And how is it he has got this power over you that you promise to marry him against your will? Ah! you have many, many secrets from me."

"Perhaps you have some from me," Lucetta murmured, with closed eyes, little thinking, however, so unsuspicious was she, that the secret of Elizabeth's heart concerned the young man who had caused this damage to her own.

"I would not—do anything against you at all," stammered Elizabeth, keeping in all signs of emotion till she was ready to burst. "I cannot understand how my father can command you so. I don't sympathize with him in it at all. I'll go to him and ask him to release you."

"No, no," said Lucetta; "let it all be."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next morning Henchard went to the Town-hall opposite Lucetta's house to attend Petty Sessions, being still a magistrate for the year by virtue of his late office of Mayor. In passing he looked up at her windows, but nothing of her was to be seen.

Henchard as a justice of the peace may at first seem to be an even greater incongruity than Shallow and Silence themselves. But his rough-and-ready perceptions, his sledge-hammer directness, had often served him better than nice legal knowledge in despatching such simple business as fell to his hands in this court. To-day, the Mayor for the year being absent, he took the big chair, his eyes still abstractedly stretching out of the window to the ashlar front of High Street Hall.

There was one case only, and the offender stood before him. She was an old woman of mottled countenance, attired in a shawl of that nameless tertiary hue which comes, but cannot be made—a hue neither tawny, russet, hazel, nor ash; a sticky black bonnet that seemed to have been worn in the country of the Psalmist, where the clouds drop fatness; and an apron that had been white in times so comparatively recent as still to contrast visibly with the rest of her clothes. The steeped aspect of the woman as a whole showed her to be no native of the country-side, or even of a country-town.

She looked cursorily at Henchard and the second magistrate, and Henchard looked at her, with a momentary pause, as if she had reminded him indistinctly of somebody or something which passed from his mind as quickly as it had come. "Well, and what has she been doing?" he said, looking down at the charge-sheet.

"She is charged, sir, with the offence of disorderly female and vagabond," whispered Stubberd.

"Where did she do that?" said the other magistrate.

"By the church, sir, of all the wrong places in the world for shouts and rolling. I caught her in the act, your worship."

"Stand back, then," said Henchard, "and let's hear what you've got to say."

Stubberd was sworn, the magistrate's clerk dipped his pen, and the constable began:

"Hearing a illegal noise, I went down the street at twenty-five minutes past eleven P.M. on the night of the fifth instinct, Hannah Dominy. When I had—"

"Don't go on so fast, Stubberd," said the clerk.

The constable waited, with his eyes on the clerk's pen, till the latter stopped scratching and said "yes." Stubberd continued: "When I had proceeded to the spot, I saw defendant at another spot, namely, the gutter." He paused, watching the point of the clerk's pen again.

"'Gutter,' yes, Stubberd."

"Spot measuring twelve feet nine inches or thereabouts from where I—" Still careful not to outrun the clerk's penmanship, Stubberd pulled up again; for having got his evidence by heart, it was immaterial to him whereabouts he broke off.

"I object to that," spoke up the old woman; "'spot measuring twelve feet nine or thereabouts from where I,' is not good evidence."

The two magistrates consulted, and then one of them said that the Bench was of opinion that twelve feet nine inches from a man on his oath was admissible evidence. Stubberd, with a suppressed gaze of victorious rectitude at the old woman, continued: "Was standing myself. She was wambling about quite dangerous to the thoroughfare, and when I approached to draw near, she insulted me."

"'Insulted me'.... Yes, what did she say?"

"She said, 'Put away that dee lantern,' says she."

"Yes."

"Says she, 'Dost hear, old turmut-head? Put away that dee lantern. I have floored fellers a dee sight finer-looking than thee, dee me if I hain't,' she says."

"I object to that conversation," interposed the old woman. "I was not capable enough to hear what I said, and what's said out of my hearing is not evidence."

There was another stoppage for consultation, a book was referred to, and finally Stubberd was allowed to go on again. The truth was that the old woman had appeared in Court so many more times than the magistrates that they were obliged to keep a sharp lookout upon their procedure. However, when Stubberd had rambled on a little further, Henchard broke out impatiently, "Come—we don't want to hear any more of them cust d's! Say the word out like a man, and don't be so modest, Stubberd: or else leave it alone." Turning to the woman, "Now, then, have you any questions to ask him, or anything to say?"

"Yes," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye; and the clerk dipped his pen.

"Twenty years ago I was a-selling of furmity in a tent at Weydon Fair—"

"'Twenty years ago'—well, that's beginning at the beginning!" said the clerk, not without satire.

But Henchard stared, and quite forgot what was evidence and what was not.

"A man and a woman with a little child came into my tent," the woman continued. "They sat down and had a basin apiece. I was of a more respectable station in life then than I am now, being a land-smuggler in a large way of business; and I used to season my furmity with rum for them who asked for't. I did it for the man; and then he had more and more; till at last he quarrelled with his wife, and offered to sell her to the highest bidder. A sailor came in and bid five guineas, and paid the money, and led her away. And the man who sold his wife in that fashion is the man sitting there in the great big chair." The speaker concluded by nodding her head at Henchard and folding her arms.

Everybody looked at Henchard. His face seemed strained, and in tint as if it had been powdered over with ashes. "We don't want to hear your life and adventures," said the magistrate's clerk, sharply, filling the pause which followed. "You've been asked if you've anything to say bearing on the case."

"That bears on the case. It proves that he's no better than I, and has no right to sit there in judgment upon me."

"'Tis a concocted story," said the clerk. "So hold your tongue."

"No; 'tis true." The words came from Henchard. "'Tis as true as the light," he said, slowly. "And upon my soul, it does prove that I'm no better than she. And to keep out of any temptation to treat her hard for her revenge, I'll leave her to you."

Henchard left the chair and came out of the court, passing through a group of people on the steps and outside that was much larger than usual; for it seemed that the old furmity-dealer had mysteriously hinted to the denizens of the lane in which she had been lodging since her arrival that she knew a queer thing or two about their great local man Mr. Henchard, if she chose to tell it. This had brought them hither.

"Why are there so many idlers round the Town-hall to-day?" said Lucetta to her servant, when the case was over. She had risen late, and had just looked out of the window.

"Oh, please, ma'am, 'tis this larry about Mr. Henchard. A woman has proved that when he was a young man he sold his wife for five guineas in a booth at a fair."

In all the accounts which Henchard had given her of the separation from his wife Susan for so many years, of his belief in her death, and so on, he had never clearly explained the actual and immediate cause of that separation. The story she now heard for the first time.

A gradual misery overspread Lucetta's face as she dwelt upon the promise wrung from her the night before. At bottom, then, Henchard was this. How terrible a contingency for a woman who should commit herself to his care!

During the day she went out to the Ring, and to other places, not coming in till nearly dusk. As soon as she saw Elizabeth Jane after her return in-doors she told her that she had resolved to go away from home to the sea-side for a few days—to Port-Breedy. Casterbridge was so gloomy.

Elizabeth Jane, seeing that she looked wan and disturbed, encouraged her in the idea, thinking a change would afford her relief. She could not help suspecting that the gloom which had seemed to have come over Casterbridge in Lucetta's eyes might be partially owing to the fact that Farfrae was away from home.

Elizabeth Jane saw her friend depart for Port-Breedy, and took charge of High Street Hall till her return. After two or three days of solitude and incessant rain, Henchard called at the house. He seemed disappointed to hear of Lucetta's absence, and though he nodded with outward indifference, he went away handling his beard with a nettled mien.

The next day he called again. "Is she come now?" he asked.

"Yes; she returned this morning," replied his step-daughter. "But she is not in-doors. She has gone for a walk along the turnpike-road to Port-Breedy. She will be home by dusk."

After a few words, which only served to reveal his restless impatience, he left the house again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT this hour Lucetta was bounding along the road to Port-Breedy just as Elizabeth Jane had announced. That she had chosen for her afternoon walk the road along which she had returned to Casterbridge three hours earlier in a carriage was curious—if anything should be called curious in concatenations of phenomena wherein each is known to have its accounting cause. It was the day of the chief market—Saturday—and Farfrae for once had been missed from his corn stand in the dealers' room. Nevertheless, it was known that he would be home that night—"for Sunday," as Casterbridge expressed it.

Lucetta, in continuing her walk, had at length reached the end of the ranked trees which bordered the highway in this and other directions out of the town. This end marked a mile, and here she stopped.

The spot was a vale between two gentle acclivities, and the road, still adhering to its Roman foundation, stretched onward straight as a surveyor's line till lost to sight on the most distant ridge. There was neither hedge nor tree in the prospect now, the road clinging to the stubbly expanse of corn-land like a stripe to an undulating garment. Near her was a barn—the single building of any kind within her horizon.

She strained her eyes up the lessening road, but nothing appeared thereon, not so much as a speck. She sighed one word, "Donald!" and turned her face to the town for retreat.

Here the case was different. A single figure was approaching her—Elizabeth Jane's.

Lucetta, in spite of her loneliness, seemed a little vexed. Elizabeth came on, her face shaping itself into affectionate lines, while yet beyond speaking distance, as soon as she recognized her friend. "I suddenly thought I would come and meet you," she said, smiling.

Lucetta's reply was taken from her lips by an unexpected diversion. A by-road on her right hand descended from the fields into the highway at the point where she stood, and down the track a bull was rambling uncertainly toward her and Elizabeth, who, facing the other way, did not observe him.

In the last quarter of each year cattle were at once the mainstay and the terror of families about Casterbridge and its neighborhood. The head of stock driven into and out of the town at this season to be sold by the local auctioneer was very large; and all these horned beasts, in travelling to and fro, sent women and children to shelter as nothing else could do. In the main the animals would have walked along quietly enough, but the Casterbridge tradition was that to drive stock it was indispensable that hideous cries, coupled with Yahoo antics and gestures, should be used, large sticks flourished, stray dogs called in, and in general everything done that was likely to infuriate the viciously disposed and terrify the mild. Nothing was commoner than for a householder on going out of his parlor to find his hall or passage full of little children, nursemaids, or aged women, who apologized for their presence by saying, "Bull passing down street from the sale."

Lucetta and Elizabeth regarded the animal in doubt, he meanwhile drawing vaguely toward them. It was a large specimen of the breed; in color rich dun, though disfigured at present by splotches of mud about his seamy sides. His horns were thick and tipped with brass; his two nostrils like the Thames Tunnel as seen in the perspective toys of yore. Between them, through the gristle of his nose, was a stout copper ring, welded on, and irremovable as Gurth's collar of brass. To the ring was attached an ash staff about a yard long, which the bull with the motions of his head flung about like a flail.

It was not till they observed this dangling stick that the young women were really alarmed; for it revealed to them that the bull was an old one, too savage to be driven, which had in some way escaped, the staff being the means by which the drover controlled him, and kept his horns at arm's-length.

They looked round for some shelter or hiding-place, and thought of the barn hard by. As long as they had kept their eyes on the bull he had shown some deference in his manner of approach; but no sooner did they turn their backs to seek the barn than he tossed his head, and decided that his mood should be rage. This caused the two helpless girls to run wildly, whereupon the bull advanced in a furious charge.

The barn stood behind a green slimy pond, and it was closed, with the exception of one of the usual pair of doors facing them, which had been propped open by a hurdle-stake, and for this opening they made. The interior had been cleared by a recent bout of threshing, except at one end, where there was a stack of dry clover. Elizabeth Jane took in the situation. "We must climb up there," she said, hurriedly.

But before they had even approached it they heard the bull scampering through the pond without, and in a second he dashed into the barn, knocked down the hurdle-stake in passing, so that the heavy door slammed behind him. The mistaken creature saw them, and with lowered head plunged toward the end of the barn into which they had fled. The girls quickly doubled, so adroitly, indeed, that their pursuer's horns struck against the wall when the fugitives were already half-way to the other end. By the time that his length would allow him to turn and follow them thither, they had crossed over; and thus the pursuit went on, not a moment being attainable by Elizabeth or Lucetta in which to open the door. It was possible that the impact of his horns upon the stone-work had caused the bull some pain, for he was more violent than ever.

"Don't turn your back to him," cried Elizabeth Jane. "We made a mistake in that. If I could get hold of the leading-stick, perhaps I could manage him."

Lucetta was too terrified to heed or hear what her younger companion said. She looked so lily-like that the other beseeched: "Keep up, keep up, dear, and move behind me! Could you open the door if I were to draw him off this way?"

"Oh, no, no! I cannot. I wish he would come! It is all over with us now!"

Elizabeth Jane, being much the cooler as well as the stronger, had, whilst Lucetta was speaking, by a combination of dexterity and courage, darted forward and seized the staff affixed to the bull. So accustomed had the animal been to obey the holder of that staff that for a moment—such is discipline—he seemed quite cowed, while the girl cried to Lucetta, "Climb the clover stack!" But the bull, soon finding that he was in new and fragile hands, began swaying his head this way and that, dragging Elizabeth with him as if she were a reed.

Her danger was imminent, and her sole chance lay in keeping the staff extended, while a thrust against the wall might probably have been the end of her.

"I can hold on no longer," she gasped, the hot air from her antagonist's nostrils blowing over her like a sirocco. She suddenly let go, and scrambled up the clover by a short ladder which lay half buried in the stack. Reaching the top, she was comparatively safe, unless the bull should undermine the stack, which was but loosely piled. He contented himself, however, for the present, with knocking down the ladder. She now looked round for Lucetta, whom she believed to have gone up before her. But Lucetta was not behind her anywhere; and in a few instants, to her horror, she perceived her companion at the other and vacant end of the barn, whither she had run in her bewilderment, while Elizabeth was engaged with the animal.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1515.

The bull, too, saw Lucetta now, and depressed his horns with deliberate aim, as if he felt there was plenty of time at last to do the thing well. A rattling at the door distracted him. In a moment a man burst in, plunged toward the leading-staff, seized it, and wrenched the animal's head as if he would snap it off. The wrench was in reality so violent that the thick neck seemed to have lost its stiffness and to become half paralyzed, whilst the nose spat blood. The premeditated human contrivance of the nose-ring was too cunning for impulsive brute force, and the creature quailed.

The man was seen in the partial gloom to be large-framed, active, and unhesitating. He quickly led the bull to the door, and the light revealed Henchard. He made the bull fast without, and reëntered to the succor of Lucetta, for he had not perceived Elizabeth Jane in her perch aloft. Lucetta was hysterical, and Henchard took her in his arms and carried her to the door.

"You—have saved me!" she cried, as soon as she could speak.

"I have returned your kindness," he responded, tenderly. "You once saved me."

"How—comes it to be you—you?" she asked, not heeding him.

"Fortunately I came out here to look for you. I have been wanting to tell you something these two or three days; but you have been away, and I could not. Perhaps you cannot talk now?"

"Oh—no. Where is Elizabeth?"

"Here am I!" cried the missing one, cheerfully; and without waiting for the ladder to be placed she slid down the face of the clover stack to the floor. "I thought you were up there!" she said. "But thank God, 'tis all right now. He always protects us when we don't expect Him to."

Henchard supporting Lucetta on one side, and Elizabeth Jane on the other, they went slowly along the rising road. They had reached the top, and were descending again, when Lucetta, now much recovered, recollected that she had left her muff in the barn.

"I'll run back," said Elizabeth Jane. "I don't mind it at all, as I am not as tired as you are." She thereupon hastened down again to the barn, the others pursuing their way.

Elizabeth Jane soon found the muff, such an article being by no means small at that time. Coming out, she paused to look for a moment at the bull, now rather to be pitied with his bleeding nose. Henchard had secured him by jamming the staff into the hinge of the barn door, and wedging it there with a stake. At length she turned to hasten onward after her contemplation, when she saw a green and black gig approaching from the contrary direction, the vehicle being driven by Farfrae.

His presence here seemed to explain Lucetta's walk that way. Donald saw her, drew up, and was hastily made acquainted with what had occurred. At Elizabeth Jane mentioning how greatly Lucetta's life had been jeopardized, he exhibited an agitation different in kind no less than in intensity from any she had seen in him before. He became so absorbed in the circumstances that he scarcely had sufficient knowledge of what he was doing to think of helping her up beside him.

"She has gone on with Mr. Henchard, you say?" he inquired at last.

"Yes. He is taking her home. They are almost there by this time."

"And you are sure she can get home?"

Elizabeth Jane was quite sure.

"Your step-father saved her?"

"Entirely."

Farfrae checked his horse's pace; she guessed why. He was thinking that it would be best not to intrude on the other two just now. Henchard had saved Lucetta, and to provoke a possible exhibition of her deeper affection for himself was as ungenerous as it was unwise.

The immediate subject of their talk being exhausted, she felt more embarrassed at sitting thus beside her past lover; but soon the two figures of the others were visible at the entrance to the town. The face of the woman was frequently turned back, but Farfrae did not whip on the horse. When these reached the town walls, Henchard and his companion had disappeared down the street; Farfrae set down Elizabeth Jane, on her expressing a particular wish to alight there, and drove round to the stables at the back of his lodgings.

On this account he entered the house through his garden, and going up to his apartments, found them in a particularly disturbed state, his boxes being hauled out upon the landing, and his bookcase standing in three pieces. These phenomena, however, seemed to cause him not the least surprise. "When will everything be sent up?" he said to the mistress of the house, who was superintending.

"I am afraid not before eight, sir," said she. "You see we wasn't aware till this morning that you were going to move, or we could have been forwarder."

"A—well, never mind, never mind!" said Farfrae, cheerily. "Eight o'clock will do well enough, if it be not later. Now don't ye be standing here talking, or it will be twelve, I doubt." Thus speaking, he went out by the front door and up the street.

During this interval Henchard and Lucetta had had experiences of a different kind. After Elizabeth's departure for the muff the corn-merchant opened himself frankly, holding her hand within his arm, though she would fain have withdrawn it. "I have been very, very anxious to see you these two or three days," he said—"ever since I saw you last. I have thought over the way I got your promise that night. You said to me, 'If I were a man I should not insist.' That cut me deep. I felt that there was some truth in it. I don't want to make you wretched, and to marry me just now would do that as nothing else could—it is but too plain. Therefore I agree to an indefinite engagement—to put off all thought of marriage for a year or two."

"But—but—can I do nothing of a different kind?" said Lucetta. "I am full of gratitude to you—you have saved my life. And your care of me is like coals of fire on my head. I am rich. Surely I can do something in return for your goodness—something practical?"

Henchard remained in thought. He had evidently not expected this. "There is one thing you might do, Lucetta," he said. "But not exactly of that kind."

"Then of what kind is it?" she asked, with renewed misgiving.

"I must tell you a secret to ask it. You may have heard that I have been unlucky this year. I did what I have never done before—speculated rashly; and I lost. That's just put me in a strait."

"And you would wish me to advance same money?"

"No, no," said Henchard, almost in anger. "I'm not the man to sponge on a women, even though she may be so nearly my own as you. No, Lucetta; what you can do is this; and it would save me. My great creditor is Grower, and it is at his hands I shall suffer, if at anybody's; while a fortnight's forbearance on his part would be enough to allow me to pull through. This may be got out of him in one way—that you would let it be known to him that you are my intended—that we are to be quietly married in the next fortnight. Now stop, you haven't heard all. Let him have this story, without, of course, any prejudice to the fact that the actual engagement between us is very thin and remote. Nobody else need know: you could go with me to Mr. Grower, and just let me speak to ye before him as if we were on such terms. We'll ask him to keep it secret. He will willingly wait then. At the fortnight's end I shall be able to face him; and I can coolly tell him all is postponed between us for a year or two. Not a soul in the town need know how you've helped me. Since you wish to be of use, there's your way."

It being now what the people call the "pinking in" of the day, that is, the quarter-hour just before dusk, he did not at first observe the result of his words upon her.

"If it were anything else," she began, and the dryness of her lips was represented in her voice.

"But it is such a little thing!" he said, with a deep reproach. "Less than you have offered—just the seeming to do what you have so lately promised. I could have told him as much myself, but he would not have believed me."

"It is not because I won't—it is because I absolutely can't," she said, with rising distress.

"You are provoking!" he burst out. "It is enough to make me force you to abide by what you have promised."

"I cannot," she insisted, desperately.

"Why? When I have only within these few minutes released you from your promise to do the real thing off-hand."

"Because—he was a witness."

"Witness! Of what?"

"If I must tell you— Don't, don't upbraid me."

"Well? Let's hear what you mean?"

"Witness of my marriage—Mr. Grower was."

"Marriage?"

"Yes. With Mr. Farfrae. I am already his wife. We were married this week at Port-Breedy. There were reasons against our doing it here. Mr. Grower was a witness because he happened to be at Port-Breedy at the time."

Henchard stood as if idiotized. She was so alarmed at his silence that she murmured something about lending him sufficient money to tide over the perilous fortnight.

"Married him?" said Henchard at length. "My good—what, married him whilst—bound to marry me?"

"It was like this," she explained, with tears in her eyes and quavers in her voice; "don't—don't be cruel! I loved him so much, and I thought you might tell him of the past—and that grieved me. And then, when I had promised you, I learned of the rumor that you had—sold your first wife at a fair, like a horse or a cow. How could I keep my promise after hearing that? I could not risk myself in your hands; it would have been letting myself down to take your name after such a scandal. But I knew I should lose Donald if I did not secure him at once—for you would carry out your threat of telling him our relations, as long as there was a chance of keeping me for yourself by doing so. But you will not do so now, will you, Michael; for it is too late to separate us?"

The notes of St. Jude's bells in full peal had been wafted to them while she spoke; and now the thumping of the town band, renowned for its unstinted use of the drumstick, throbbed down the street.

"Then this racket they are making is on account of it, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes—I think he has told them, or else Mr. Grower has.... May I leave you now? My—he was detained at Port-Breedy to-day, and sent me on a few hours before him."

"Then it is *his wife's* life I have saved this afternoon."

"Yes—and he will be forever grateful to you."

"I am much obliged to him.... Oh, you false woman!" burst from Henchard. "You promised me!"

"Yes, yes. But it was under compulsion, and I did not know all your past—"

"And now I've a mind to punish 'ee as you deserve! One word to this bran-new husband, and your precious happiness is blown to atoms."

"Michael—pity me, and be generous."

"You don't deserve pity."

"I'll help you pay off your debt."

"A pensioner of Farfrae's wife—not I! Don't stay with me longer—I shall say something worse. Go home."

She disappeared under the trees of the south walk as the band came round the corner, awaking the echoes of every stock and stone in celebration of her happiness. Lucetta took no heed, but ran up the back street and reached her own home unperceived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOSS OF THE "OREGON."

SHORTLY before daybreak on Sunday, March 14, the Cunard steamer *Oregon* sighted Fire Island Light. The travel-weary on board of her must have felt that they were almost as good as in port. It was a still, starlight night; the sea was as smooth as a lake; the ship was pushing westward at the rate of eighteen knots an hour; nobody could have guessed any reason why breakfast should not be eaten inside of Sandy Hook. Some thirty of the steamer's people were on deck. Two men were on the lookout on the turtle-back away forward, and a third stood at the forward end of the promenade deck, ready to pass any word from them to the officers on the bridge. On the bridge were Chief Officer WILLIAM GEORGE MATTHEWS and Fourth Officer WILLIAM MCMANUS. Suddenly, Mr. MATTHEWS says, a bright light appeared about one point on the port bow, and almost immediately darkened. It seemed to be held up by somebody on the deck of a vessel. No mast-head or side lights were visible, and the two officers at the moment took the vessel for a pilot-boat. Knowing that the captain did not wish to take on a pilot until the bar was reached, the chief officer put the wheel aport to get the boat more abroad on the bow. Directly a schooner loomed upon the steamer's port bow, and struck her a few feet forward of the bridge. The schooner rebounded, plunged forward, and struck again. The huge steamer did not heel under the shock, but there was an ominous sound of rending and tearing of the iron plates. When, in the excitement, those on the steamer's deck looked again for the schooner, she was gone. No cry was heard from her; no wreckage, no trace of her of any kind, remained.

The sleepers in the state-rooms and steerage below had not been roused by the shock. Orders were soon given to awaken them, however. The great steamer had been terribly wounded, and tons of water were pouring in through her broken side. Two of the compartments had been cut into, one of them the largest of the compartments into which the ship was divided.

Passengers hurried on deck, protected only by such articles of clothing as could be caught up in their frightened haste. Guns were fired and rockets were sent up as signals for assistance. Captain PHILIP COTTIER, the commander of the *Oregon*, had retired to his room at four o'clock, half an hour before the collision occurred. He had been kept up by a fog, and had retired only after it had cleared away. The collision brought him out again, and he directed the subsequent work. The steam-pumps and hand-pumps were set going, but they were powerless to overcome the rush of water. Efforts made to stop the leak by forcing down sails and mattresses on the outside of the hull were unsuccessful. The water gained steadily, and at length the fires in the engine-room were extinguished. While the ship's boats were being got in readiness, the firemen and stokers, about one hundred in number, rushed on deck and endeavored to get into the boats in advance of the women and children, when Second Officer HURD sprang among them and clubbed them without mercy, right and left, until they retreated, and other similar attempts at disorder were likewise checked in the beginning by the vigorous and fearless action of the ship's officers.

The pilot-boat *Phantom* (No. 11) answered the signals of the *Oregon*, and later the coasting schooner *Fannie A. Gorham*, and the passengers and crew of the sinking steamer were transferred to these; and still later the North German Lloyds steamer *Fulda*, from Bremen, came up, and took them all on board and into this port. There were on the *Oregon* 186 first-cabin passengers, 66 second-cabin, and 389 in the steerage, making, with the crew of 255 men, 896 persons, all told.

Before all the passengers had been got on board the *Fulda*, the *Oregon* sank. This occurred three-quarters of an hour after noon—eight and a quarter hours after the collision. She lurched forward, snapping off her foremast, and sank, with her stern lifted at an angle of forty-five degrees, in twenty fathoms of water, showing her topmasts after she had settled upon the bottom.

The rescued people were fed on board the *Fulda*, and brought speedily into New York Harbor. The *Oregon* cost a million and a quarter of dollars, and her cargo was worth a quarter of a million. The cabin passengers lost a great deal in the way of baggage, money, and jewels. Mrs. E. D. MORGAN, of this city, lost $30,000 worth of diamonds, and another passenger $5000 in cash. This was to have been the last trip of the *Oregon* to New York, it having been the purpose of the Cunard Company to transfer her to their Boston line.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT has recently been noticed that there is near the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the northwestern part of North Carolina, an arrangement of rock from which the Egyptian Sphinx seems to have been copied. Pilot Knob is the homely appellation which has been bestowed upon the North Carolina formation. It appears to have been thrown together by nature, and for that reason it seems likely that the Egyptian Sphinx is, of the two, the imitation, since it is common for man to copy from nature, whereas nature seldom bestows a like flattery upon man, and the Sphinx is believed to be of human manufacture. Pilot Knob, moreover, has the advantage over its Egyptian semblance of being a great many times larger. It rises fifteen hundred feet from the plain in which its base is fixed, and must indeed be, as a chronicler of its vast proportions avers, when compared with the Sphinx, as the hugest of Brobdingnagians to the smallest of the men of Lilliput. It is said to look like a thing of intelligence, and can be seen fifty miles away.

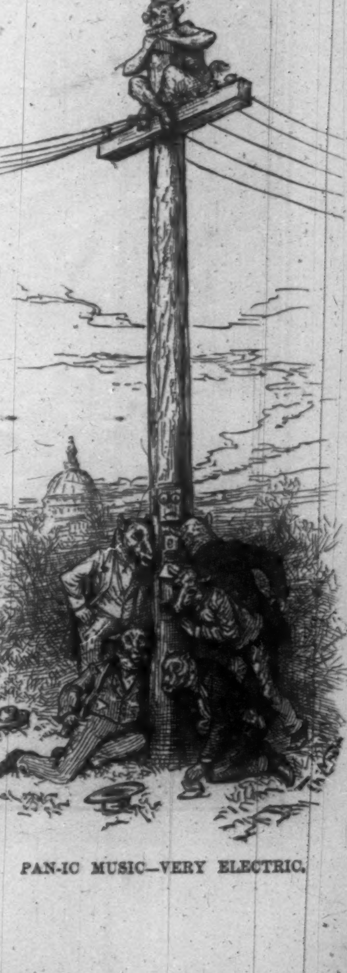
The almost incredible story is told of a Western farmer that, some years ago, hearing burglars breaking into his house, and being out of buckshot, he hurriedly loaded his gun with a box of pills, which were compounded, however, of a soft material, and merely smeared the burglars somewhat, as warmed cobbler's wax might have done, when the weapon was discharged; and that the other day, again hearing burglars and being out of buckshot, and bearing his former failure in mind, he loaded up with pills which were sugar-coated, and shot one burglar dead and seriously wounded another.

Twelve hundred drums, it is said, are turned out of the little village of Granville, in Massachusetts, every day. If as much noise could be turned out of this town, with what increase of gratitude would people throw their windows open in warm weather!

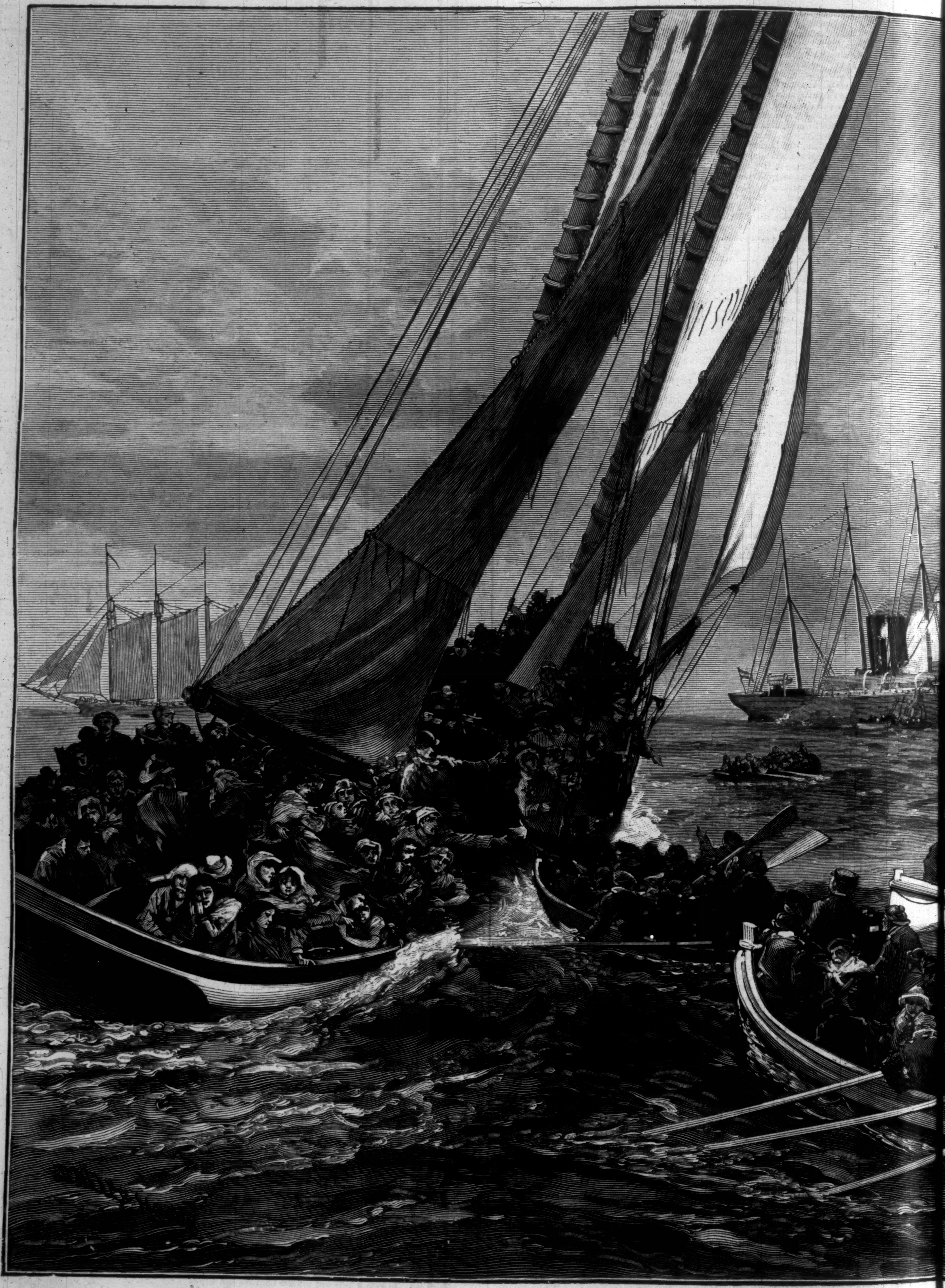
A barn near Omaha covers five acres of ground, and is said to be the largest in the world. It was made thus vast, not with the idea that its weight would secure it against removal by cyclones, but with the view to accommodate almost four thousand head of cattle. When such an establishment and its contents go journeying upon the bosom of a tornado, the picturesqueness of Western incident will be even greater than it is at present.

They are long and heavy hands, according to statistics, which point the time upon the clock dial on Westminster Abbey. The minute-hand is sixteen feet long, and the hour-hand is nine, and each weighs one hundred pounds.

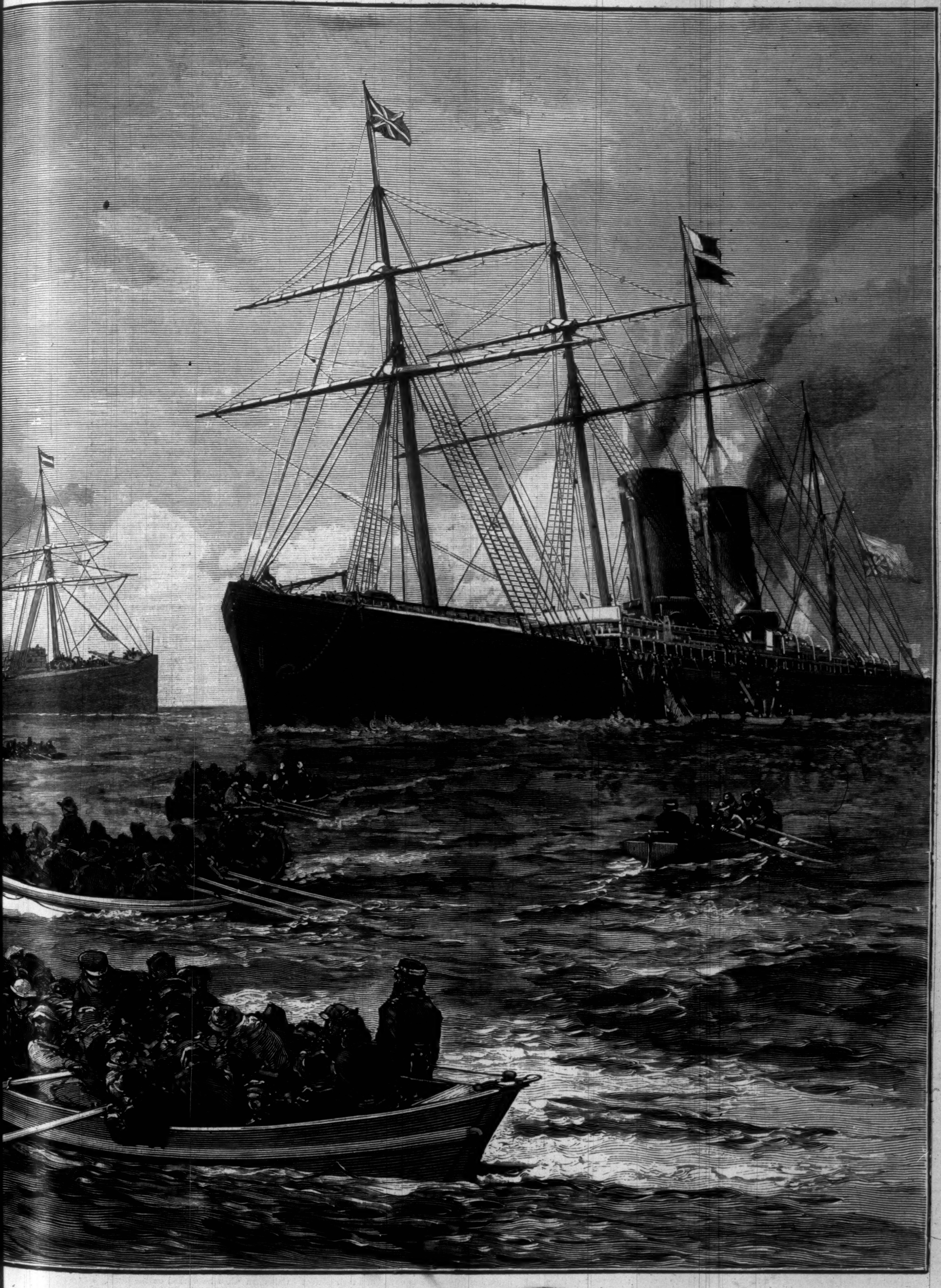
Last St. Patrick's Day was to be celebrated with great spirit in a certain Western town, and a meeting was held to decide about the torch-light procession. "Misther Chairman," said a speaker, "I move ye, in consideration of the condition of the star-rving poor of Oirland, that we do not spind the money for new tor-rches, but use some second-hand ones lift over from the Garfield campaign." "Misther Chairman," said another citizen, "oi'm not in favor of as foine-formed a body of min as the St. Pathrick's Club walking down the street, and the gur-rls looking on, with sicond-hand torches; and oi move, sorr, that the club purchase the bist torches in the market—thim that's advertised in the papers." "What torches is thim that's advertised?" "The bist—Brown's Bonichal Torches."



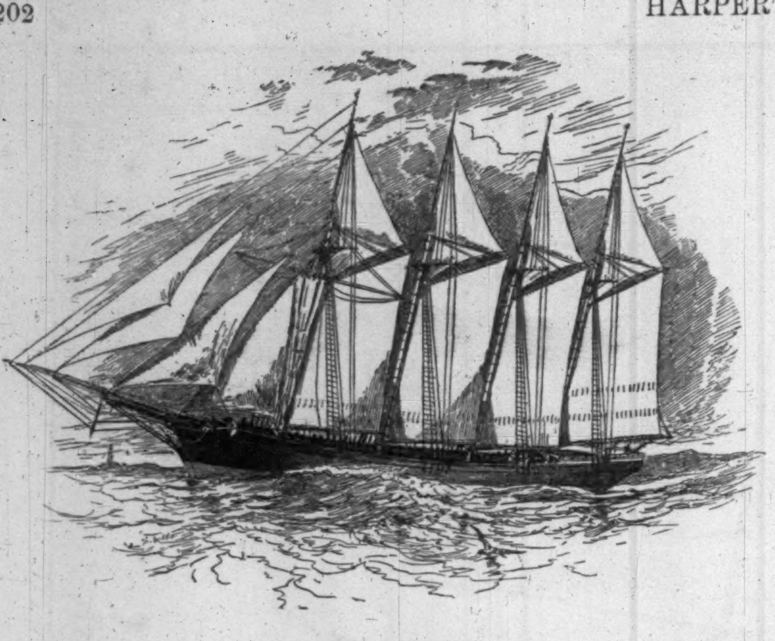
PAN-IC MUSIC—VERY ELECTRIC.



THE SINKING OF THE "OREGON"—TRANSFERRING THE PASSENGERS TO THE STEA



SHIP "FULDA."—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from Descriptions by the Officers.—[See Page 199.]



THE "HAROLDINE."

WHEN, in 1835 or thereabouts, what was called the "Dramatic Line" of Liverpool packet-ships—the *Roscius*, *Siddons*, *Sheridan*, *Garrick*, and *Shakespeare*—was built, old ship-masters shook their heads sagely and said that JOHN COLLINS, the head of the line, was getting in his dotage. This was an advance in the size of merchant-ships from about 600 to about 1000 tons. "He can't," said the "skippers" of that day, "make men any bigger, and the men we have find it all that they can do to handle the sails of our present ships. Besides, no shipper will want his freight stowed in the bottom of these monstrous vessels, because he will have to wait so long before it can be discharged." It was found, however, that men, without being made larger, were able to handle the sails of the thousand-tonners, and by the aid of steam-winches the cargo was discharged from them more expeditiously than aforetime from the smaller ships by hand, and it was found also that the larger the ship the more profitable she was, and in the course of a few years ships of 1000 tons were considered small, and those of 2000 and 2500 became common. Then, indeed, the difficulty of handling the canvas became apparent; but this was solved by Captain R. B. FORBES by cutting the topsail in two, making double the number of those sails of half the former size.

As with the square-riggers, so with the fore-and-aft vessels. The two sails of the schooner became too unwieldy, and another mast was added, the three-masted schooner being now so common as to fail to excite remark. The artist has shown above another phase in the natural process of evolution, and the *Haroldine*, a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel of 1294 tons, has four masts, the advantage being economy in the manning, the crew required being only what is sufficient to care for one mast, and of course she needs but one captain and one set of officers. She is 193 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 18 feet 6 inches deep, and will carry 2000 tons of dead weight. With the assistance of a donkey-engine, six men before the mast is quite enough crew for her, while, if square-rigged, she would require twenty men.

For long ocean voyages, until some fuel less bulky than coal is discovered, the sailing vessel must still do the work which in shorter trips can be best performed by a steamer, and there seems no reason to suppose that the limit of size for fore-and-aft vessels has been reached in the *Haroldine*, any more than it was in the old-fashioned thousand-ton square-rigger, and possible fore-and-aft schooners with five or even six masts may be common in the future. The *Haroldine* has already made one voyage to China, having recently arrived from Hong-Kong with a cargo of tea, and will soon sail for Shanghai with a full cargo of oil.

The advantages of the fore-and-aft rig are so obvious that it would seem strange that it had not been more generally adopted for vessels of large size. The first cost is much less than the square rig, quite as great sail-spread can be obtained, and in a position where it is very much more effective, the fore-and-aft-rigged vessel being able to lie at least two points nearer the wind than the square-rigger, and except when running directly before the wind she can always make more effective use of her canvas. The difficulty, of course, has been the enormous size of spars and sails required, and this, as in the present instance, is obviated by the multiplication of them on the added masts, to which there seems to be scarcely any limit.

7

AH SING'S MISTAKE.

A SHORT STORY OF THESE DAYS.

I.

AH SING was a poor miserable Chinaman. He was born at Old Canton, which they call the "City of Rams," and his education was neglected. He never heard, for instance, of the science of Political Economy; but there is no learned professor thereof whom he could not have instructed in the matter of the effect of over-population. His years, from earliest consciousness, were passed among literally teeming myriads of human beings. They covered the land, and when there was no more room for them there, they suspended themselves over the water in flimsy mat sheds supported on slender bamboo piles. One of these apologies for dwellings Ah Sing shared with his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. From where it stood you can look over the "City of Rams" to the picturesque White Cloud Mountains, but it is doubtful if Ah Sing ever saw that beautiful sight. He had no time for the picturesque. His life and those of his family were simply a struggle for existence—a struggle to keep the mats over their heads, and secure enough rice to prevent them from starving.

Perhaps sometimes when Ah Sing, standing erect in his flimsy boat, clung to the ladder of the long, symmetrical, American-built steamer which came daily to Canton, and solicited a share of the patronage of her well-dressed and comfortable-looking passengers, a dim idea of life under better surroundings than his may have dawned upon him; but no one can tell. Once, however, an American missionary engaged the boat to take him to his chapel at Honam, and he, speaking the Canton dialect well, talked with Ah Sing. He told him of the great and free country where he himself was born, and from whence he had come over thousands of miles of sea to tell the poor Chinese "the tidings of great joy." He told him, too, how truly the people of this great and good land wished well to him and his kind; and then he asked him to come and hear his sermon. As his boat was engaged by the hour, Ah Sing went, and he sat in the chapel and listened. Probably he heard little and comprehended less of what the preacher was saying about theological points, and about the glories and joys of a future world, but he *did* think a great deal about that lovely, beneficent, and free country of which he had been told; and when he ferried the missionary back to the Canton side he ventured to ask him some questions about it.

That night, too, curiously enough, he met an old acquaintance who had gone to San Francisco in the early days, and come back with money and experience. This man told him more of the land of freedom, of the opportunities for making money there, and of the market for such labor as even a poor Canton boatman could furnish. Ah Sing went to his squalid couch that evening and actually dreamed of a new life beyond the seas.

The next day the condition of the atmosphere was very singular. It was ominously quiet, and the clouds were heavy and lowering. In the afternoon Ah Sing had occasion to go into the walled city, and he remained there until nearly dusk. As he came into the narrow street, from the low door of a shop there burst upon him, with a roar as if of a thousand demons, the fury of the Storm Fiend. He dragged himself under shelter of a wall, and lay there in terror—how long he knew not. It was actually morning before he arose, and finding that the storm had somewhat spent its force, half ran, half crept, wet to the skin and bedraggled, toward the river-bank. When he reached it he uttered a wild wail of despair, and flung himself on the ground. All was gone—houses, mat sheds, junks, boats, and rafts. Away inshore from the point where his own shed had stood, there swept by him a foaming, raging, yellow torrent. His particular mat shed was but one of many, and those who had dwelt with him therein were no doubt exceedingly shabby and poverty-stricken people, but they happened to be his flesh and blood; and now house and boats, and father and mother, and brothers and sisters, were gone forever, and Ah Sing was alone in the wide world.

They tell of that typhoon to this day, and point you out the marks showing to what point the water rose. The papers devoted much space to the accounts of the lifting of a ship lying at Whampoa to a berth well up in the paddy fields; and they mentioned incidentally the loss of many thousands of Chinese lives. So it was; the typhoon (*ta foong*, "great wind"), the Demon of the Storm, had at one blow destroyed nearly all the river population, and brought to an end, merciful no doubt, many, many, hard, bitter, toiling, joyless lives. There were few mourners, too, to "go about the streets"; for most of them had gone with those whom they would have mourned. A few thousands or tens of thousands, more or less, count for little in this land of many millions; their places were easily and quickly filled; the waters subsided, and all went on as usual on the Canton River.

Ah Sing had little time for grieving. Woe was far too expensive a luxury for him, and hunger and fatigue were present realities. He must decide what to do, and he was not long about it. His thoughts turned at once to that happy "Land of Promise" of which he had heard; and in less than forty-eight hours' time he had engaged himself to an agent of the Six Companies; he had turned his back forever on the "City of Rams" and the White Cloud Mountains, and he was on his way Hong-Kong with a number of companions. In the beautiful harbor of this colony lay the great American steamer *City of Peking*, and in her capacious between-decks Ah Sing found his quarters, and the narrow bunk in which, after the manner of Chinese passengers, he passed much of his time on the voyage to San Francisco. One of the American passengers, a man who had lived in China and learned the language, was in the habit of coming into the quarters of the natives and frequently addressing them. His favorite topic—and he dwelt upon it with much force and eloquence—was the favored and happy life of those who came to the United States to cast in their lot with the great American people.

"To you, prospective fellow-citizens," cried he, "to you, refugees from the oppression of the Old World, she proffers a warm and generous welcome—she extends the right hand of fellowship. You are coming, my Mongolian brethren, to the glorious land of the free. Over you is henceforth cast the ægis of her beneficent protection, which is granted as generously as the air you breathe. Happy indeed is your lot."

Now there were not wanting skeptics among the saloon passengers, who asserted that this orator was a humbug and a blatherskite, that he did not believe a word of what he said, and that he only spoke, partly to hear himself talk, and partly for practice to qualify himself for an interpreter. Unfortunately, however, Ah Sing was denied admittance to these upper regions, and consequently deprived of this information; so, poor credulous heathen that he was, he believed all the orator said, and looked forward eagerly to his arrival at the picturesque portal of the Golden City.

In due time the great steamer passed the Farallones Light, threaded her way between Point Bonito and Point Lobos, past Alcatraz Island, and up the beautiful harbor to her wharf. Close to her, when in her berth, lay another large vessel, just arrived from Europe; and from this latter, as from the *City of Peking*, there were debarking crowds of aliens—men, women, and children from far-distant lands seeking a home under the starry flag. There was a marked difference, however, in the reception of the two parties. For the Asiatics there was scant courtesy. Custom-house officials examined them and their luggage roughly; dock hands jostled them; street boys and "roughs" at the gate greeted them with cries of derision and occasional volleys of stones. The Europeans, on the other hand, were the recipients of many attentions, and were met by smiling faces in large numbers. Stout men, with mustaches of suspicious blackness, and of important position—to judge from the respect shown them—were particularly solicitous for the welfare of these new-comers. Of course Ah Sing had yet to know that there was in these others what there was not in him and his companions—*material for voters;* so he wondered more and more at the difference. No doubt this wonder culminated when one of these same European aliens, contemporaneous in arrival with him, advanced toward him and, with loud curses, dealt him a blow which laid him senseless on the ground.

When he came to himself, in the Chinese quarter, he had plenty of time for reflection, and as in his unenlightened heathen way he mentally contrasted the real America with the ideal one, things began to be "all of a muddle" with him. And yet, thought he, it could hardly be possible that he had been wholly misinformed by all the good people who told him about America.

II.

A number of years ago some bold engineers and bolder men of means conceived the idea of carrying an iron road across the continent. At the latitude selected the rails from the East had not even reached the Missouri; and west of that river—so the map said—there lay the "Great American Desert." Beyond long ranges of sterile and arid plains were the massive heights of the Sierra Madre, the grim recesses of the Wasatch Mountains, the skeleton-strewn Humboldt Valley, the cañons and precipices of the Sierra Nevada. Along the emigrant trails to Pike's Peak and California lay the bodies and bones of hundreds on hundreds of human beings slain by hostile Indians. The lives of all who ventured into those inhospitable regions—traders, trappers, emigrants, stage-drivers, and riders of the "Pony Express"—were carried in their hands; and when the railroad engineer proposed to take up his theodolite and follow in their footsteps, he seemed indeed like, as old Jeremy Taylor says, "one who setteth up his outposts in an enemy's country, and chooseth a frontier garrison to be wise in."

Mile by mile, however, the surveyors, the graders, and the track-layers advanced from both ends. Over the mountains, through the valleys, across the plains, crept the rails. At last the working parties raced toward each other and for the goal at Promontory Point, on the northern shore of the Great Salt Lake. Now, unwelcome though the statement may be in these days, it is a historical fact that the successful and early completion of this great work was largely due to Chinamen. Of all people, they indeed "scorn delights and live laborious days," and their patient and persistent toil was a prominent factor in the first real binding together of the East and the West.

The engineers "builded better than they knew" when they carried the great road past coal banks from which it should conveniently and easily draw its supplies of fuel. And here, again, was there need of the patient laborer whose work was so efficient and whose maintenance so inexpensive. If there were coal below the surface in that inhospitable region, near the great railroad, there was also plenty of sage-brush above it, and the presence of sage-brush suggests in a general way the abomination of desolation. Nevertheless, here, as in other forlorn places all over the world, certain spots had been isolated from their surroundings and made pleasant and home-like. Such was the residence of the mine superintendent, an Eastern man of large experience, who had brought his family to Wyoming with him. This family consisted of his wife, a daughter of nineteen, and a chubby, curly-haired boy of four. This daughter was like one of the beautiful flowers which sometimes flourish on the arid plains of the West. She was as pretty as she was good, and as gentle and amiable as she was pretty. Her fame had gone out into the region around, and many an overland passenger on the "U. P." heard of her from enthusiastic trains-men. Her name was Gertrude, and nothing was more natural than that, following the suggestion of a poetical tourist, she should be called "Gertrude of Wyoming." It was she who had made this little oasis in the sage-brush desert blossom like the rose, and had so disguised and modestly ornamented the interior of the little house that one who entered forgot in an instant the long miles between it and conventional civilization. Did space permit, quite a little idyl might be founded on the lovely life of this young beauty of the sage-brush. But this is Ah Sing's story, not hers, and it has to do but with the temporary proximity of these two widely different life paths.

In the course of time poor Ah Sing found himself at these Wyoming mines, and engaged to work therein. His long and weary pilgrimage from San Francisco thither was a literal and prolonged running of the gauntlet. Everywhere, with monotonous iteration, there rained upon him jeers, insults, curses, kicks, and blows. Like the Wandering Jew, he could find no rest. In one place after another, where he would fain have remained to toil humbly and usefully, there rang in his ears, sooner or later, the old cry, "The Chinese must go," and then there was nothing for him but to take up again the pilgrim's staff and bear again the pilgrim's burden. When he reached Wyoming he was worn and thin, tired and foot-sore, squalid and hungry. He hoped for little; every day that he was unmolested was a clear gain; and a forlorn and desolate place might perhaps harbor him a little longer than a pleasanter one. So down into the mines he went, patient and uncomplaining as always.

Of course Miss Gertrude's flowers would not grow without irrigation, and there was no one, just when she wanted such services, to help her extend the ditch. One day she stood, just at sunset, looking wistfully at the line she had marked out for it to take. With a sudden impulse she picked up a shovel lying near by and made an attempt to dig for herself; but the work was too hard for her, and soon she stopped. Just then there approached a poor miserable Chinaman—a "moon-eyed leper," she had often heard such a one called. Ordinarily she would take little notice of a Chinaman, but this one, for some reason, had attracted her attention—probably because he looked so particularly weary and thin and tired. Ah Sing's eyes met hers, and he stopped. A rare thing had happened to him. For the first time since he had stepped on the wharf at San Francisco he saw something in the look of an American which cheered and comforted him. He was only a poor miserable Mongolian heathen; yet in the beautiful eyes resting on him he saw God-sent pity, heavenly compassion. It moved even his dull soul. Had he been other than he was, he might have made an address of thanks. Now, he only said "Chin chin," and, taking up the shovel, began digging the irrigating ditch. Gertrude, somewhat surprised, thanked him.

"Have you been long in this country?" she asked.

"Two, t'ree year," said Ah Sing.

"Do you like it?"

"No likee; Melican man too muchee bobbely mi" ("bobbery," maltreat, abuse me); "Ilishman too muchee floggee, too muchee kickee, too muchee stonee."

Gertrude almost sighed. True enough she knew the poor fellow's grievances to be. How could people be so unkind, thought she, to this defenceless sufferer? He must be too tired to work, she told him. Had he not better stop?

"My likee workee for you," said Ah Sing.

His sentences were short, his jargon hard to understand, his expression stolid, but his meaning unmistakable. He labored for an hour on the ditch; then said, "Jussee now my go 'way; my come back to-mollow."

The next evening he was there, sure enough; and when Gertrude looked from the window of the house at sunset she saw him patiently toiling again. She went to speak to him, and took her little brother with her. When Ah Sing saw the boy he stopped working; and what was almost a gleam of interest showed itself in his face.

"How muchee olo?" (how old) asked he.

"Four," replied Gertrude.

"He alla same mi young blother."

"Where is your brother?"

"Hab makee die," said he, and resumed his work, looking now and then at the little boy with a curious expression of kindness.

This was a beginning of a warm friendship, and the child rarely failed to stay with the stolid Chinaman when he worked on the ditch. Day by day the length of this ditch increased, until it was nearly finished and ready for the water; and all the time Ah Sing was engaged, in his few spare moments, in making a Chinese puzzle for his new little friend. Gertrude would gladly have been of service to her curious, self-appointed henchman, but it was clear that his devotion to her was the expression of heart-felt gratitude and good-will, and that he would accept no remuneration. The young girl often looked pityingly at his sunken cheeks and thin hands, and thought how little life had in store for him.

At last she saw that one more afternoon's work would put the ditch in readiness for the water, which would speedily convert another arid track into a beneficent addition to her pretty garden. It was nearly dark before Ah Sing completed his labors. Then said he: "To-mollow can puttee water. To-nightee mi finishee cumshaw" (present) "for smallo piecee chilo." Then he went to his shabby quarters.

When the white miners came out of the shafts that day they gathered in a saloon, and, as they consumed large quantities of vile whiskey, seemed engaged in the concoction of some plan. Later that evening the stillness was broken by the report of fire-arms and the cries of poor creatures in dire anguish; then the scene was illuminated by the flames of burning cabins. The situation was simple. The Mongolians wanted to work quietly in the mines for the wages they had been receiving. The "Caucasians" did not wish them to do so, so they killed them.

Ah Sing was sitting on his squalid bunk, working deftly by the light of a tallow-candle. At the first report of fire-arms he sprang up and ran from the cabin. He saw his countrymen falling and fleeing, and he fled too. He had run perhaps a hundred yards when the flames broke brilliantly out from a boarding shed, and brought his flying figure into plain relief. Then a large Caucasian miner brought his Winchester rifle to his shoulder, and sent the bullet crashing through the poor Chinaman's skull. When they picked up his body, next day, they found the little puzzle tightly clutched in his thin fingers.

Ah Sing had the advantage over his fellow-sufferers in two particulars. First, his worldly troubles came to an end in the twinkling of an eye, while many of the others dragged themselves into the sage-brush to die slowly and miserably of wounds and starvation. Second, they had no one to mourn for them, while a beautiful young girl and a bright little boy wept bitterly when, after the troops arrived, they carried Ah Sing's body off for burial.

Next day was Sunday, and the minister improved the occasion. He pointed out how very sad it was that these poor heathen died before they had embraced the Christian religion, and he announced that after the services a collection would be taken up to aid in sending missionaries to China.

There was something curious about Ah Sing's case. To be sure, he was only a poor credulous heathen, and he had been told that the United States was a free country, and offered a secure and peaceful asylum to the oppressed of all lands—nay, that such were eagerly welcomed. Now this is no new doctrine. It is in strict accordance with the Declaration of Independence; it is taught in our schools and colleges and preached from our pulpits. It is embraced in every political platform, and in its truth is involved the very existence of our country.

Yet, when Ah Sing believed it, it really seemed as if he made a sad and fatal mistake.

It may be allowable to call attention to the unobtrusive moral of this little story.

The public are not likely to ever learn the ghastly and horrible details of the late Wyoming massacres. That name, indeed, is suggestive. Poets, romancers, and historians have joined through the long course of a century in wringing our hearts and bringing tears to our eyes by their recital of what once happened in another Wyoming; yet the culprits on that occasion were savages, who but followed their natural instincts in redressing real wrongs. In our day, on the other hand, a new Wyoming is the scene of dastardly and cold-blooded butcheries which would shame Apache Indians or Papuan pirates. To be sure, we learn from an official proclamation that the perpetrators thereof were "not American citizens." Not yet, perhaps, but soon to be. The trifling formalities needful for the transformation of these alien and imported Thugs into honorable American citizens can hardly be wholly ignored; but they need not last long. Not only do these men go scot-free at present, but they seem to have earned the gratitude and respect of their neighbors. Soon will they, their hands red with innocent blood, become part and parcel of the Sovereign People; soon, again, perhaps, attain to civic and legislative dignities.

Nevertheless, the great eternal principles of Right are stronger than the decrees of Socialism; and for a nation which condones such deeds there is assuredly in store a certain and dire retribution.

A. A. Hayes.

GENERAL JOHN H. DEVEREUX.

General John H. Devereux, who died at his residence in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 17th of this month, was one of the best-known railroad men in the West, and was, in fact, prominent in railroad circles throughout the country. During his long business career he held the presidency one after another of all the leading roads running to and from Cleveland, including the Lake Shore both before and after its consolidation with the Michigan Southern, and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway, the president of which he was at the time of his death. He was also officially connected with the Dayton and Union and Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Connellsville, and Cleveland and Mahoning railways. At various times he was also prominently connected with the Tennessee and Alabama road, and with the great Pennsylvania system. As an evidence of the high regard in which his abilities as a railroad manager were held, it may be mentioned that in 1873 the parties interested in the old Atlantic and Great Western road unanimously agreed upon him as the proper person to take control of that property, and sought to secure his services. General Devereux was disinclined to accept the position, and, in order to get out of it, placed his terms at a figure, as he supposed, beyond their reach. There was, however, no hesitation on the part of the road owners, who gladly paid him a bonus of $100,000, together with a salary of $20,000 a year, for his services. He was for many years a trusted and efficient lieutenant of the Vanderbilt forces, and when Vanderbilt desired to obtain possession of the Nickel Plate Railroad, General Devereux was intrusted with the delicate task of securing the man to carry on the negotiations.

General Devereux was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, on the 5th of April, 1832, and, after receiving such education as the common schools of that vicinity afforded, went West, where his wonderful executive ability early began to tell in the success of his active career. His first railroad employment was obtained in the capacity of assistant civil engineer on the line of the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati Railway, of which road he eventually became the president. During the war he was a military engineer, and subsequently superintendant of United States military railroads in Virginia. At the age of thirty General Devereux was married to Miss Antoinette Kelsey, a daughter of Captain L. A. Kelsey, of Cleveland. His wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, survive him.

THE ACCUSED ALDERMEN.

Mr. Henry W. Jaehne, who has been one of our aldermen for three years, and who was among the gentlemen known as the "solid eighteen," who on August 30, 1884, voted to give Broadway to Jacob Sharp, was arrested, March 18, while sauntering toward the City Hall.

The charge against him was made upon belief and upon information obtained from Police Inspector Byrnes. The latter's information had been obtained in the course of a series of interesting and diplomatic interviews with the Alderman during the past year. According to that official's story, when Jaehne found how he had been entrapped, he concluded that it would be better to betray his fellows than to suffer all alone, and consented to meet Judge Gildersleeve and the District Attorney and confess everything, hoping thus to obtain leniency for himself.

Inspector Byrnes declared that Jaehne had confessed; that he had told how $20,000 had been paid for his vote, and had implicated a number of his fellow-aldermen. Alderman Jaehne found a saloon-keeping friend who gave $15,000 bail for him, and having thus regained his liberty, appeared as happy and cheerful as usual. Both he and his lawyers stoutly deny that any confession has been made. The Alderman's political friends, declaring that Jaehne would never "squeal," offered to back their confidence in his innocence by betting large sums of money.

Mr. Jahene is the Alderman who figured as the receiver of silver-ware stolen from Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, and who avoided prosecution by paying something over $1100. He was supposed to be quite poor when he first became a statesman, but is well off now.

The day after the arrest of Jaehne the session of the legislative committee engaged in investigating the grant of the Broadway franchise disclosed some interesting facts about another of the eighteen, Alderman James Pearson. It appeared that one of his brothers-in-law had borrowed money to pay Pearson's election expenses. While he was an alderman, in December, 1884, a bank account was opened in the name of another brother-in-law, which amounted to $16,000 before it was closed in July, 1885, the brother-in-law in whose name the account stood being then in the employ of the Department of Public Works, and now a policeman. The other brother-in-law, being pressed for his opinion of the source from which the deposits were derived, at last said he supposed they came from "the profits of the aldermanic business."

THE HOSTILE APACHES.

Geronimo, the head chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, came into prominent notice in 1876. Cochise, the former head chief, died in 1875, and was succeeded by his son Taza. Eskinya, Cochise's war chief, was displeased to have a younger man placed over him. He grew restless, and with a few followers made several raids into Sonora. On their way back they would stop at a ranch kept by a man named Rogers. Rogers sold them liquor, but once refused to sell them all they wanted, whereupon they went away, but in a short time came back and killed Rogers. The Chiricahuas at this time were at peace with the whites, and bitterly denounced the deed. Taza with a few men met Eskinya a short distance from Fort Bowie, near what is called Bear Spring. A fight ensued, and Eskinya was killed. In this fight Geronimo took sides with Taza. The murder of Rogers aroused the whites, and there was a clamor for the transfer of the Chiricahuas to the San Carlos Reservation, where the rest of the Apaches had been placed. The Indian Agent had a conference with the Indians in the sutler's store. They were all opposed to leaving their old home, but after much talk Taza spoke out: "My father's last words to me were, 'Keep peace with the whites,' and if you wish me to go, I will."

Until the last Geronimo, then a sub-chief, was opposed to going. He made a good speech, saying he did not think it was just to send them away. He knew Eskinya had done wrong, and they had fought and killed him, but the rest of the tribe had done no harm, and he did not think they should be made to suffer for what Eskinya had done. But it was decided to remove them to San Carlos. Geronimo asked for a four days' leave in order to bring in his family, which was scattered in the mountains. He went out, and nothing more was seen of him till long after, when he was taken in New Mexico, and brought on to the San Carlos Reservation. A little while afterward he escaped, and was out till 1878, when Lieutenant Haskell, of the Twelfth Infantry, went down into Sonora, captured him, and brought him back to the reservation. He escaped again in 1881, and was out till General Crook brought him in in 1884. The other leader of the renegades is Chihuahua, one of the sub-chiefs. He has been one of the best behaved of those on the reservation, and had never given any serious trouble before last year.

The present outbreak occurred the 17th of last May. Lieutenant Britton Davis, who had charge of the renegades at the time, gives the causes and circumstances attending it. Knowing they would be punished for their conduct if the officer in charge was left to find it out, they all came to him at the same time to tell him what they had done, and as he would not be able to punish all, they thought they could escape. Lieutenant Davis decided to take no action in the matter, but telegraphed to the department commander. Before any reply could be sent, the wires between Prescott and San Carlos had been cut, and the renegades, fearing the consequences of their conduct, left the reservation. Geronimo had misrepresented matters to Chihuahua, and when the latter discovered the truth he immediately left Geronimo and started back. He camped in the mountains north of the Gila, and it is said that he intended, as soon as the excitement had subsided, to return to the reservation; but Lieutenant Davis, who was in pursuit of the hostiles, had struck his trail, and seeing the scouts in pursuit of him, Chihuahua became alarmed and started for Mexico.

There are very many difficulties in the way of prosecuting such a war as this, which those who are not acquainted with the nature of the country and are accustomed to the usual mode of warfare do not appreciate. The hostiles move in an exceedingly mountainous country, in which pursuit is possible only by following their trails. They can travel much faster than government scouts, for they are obliged to go on foot, while the hostiles are mounted, and when their horses are worn out, they raid some ranch and secure fresh mounts. It is almost impossible to surprise them. They pitch their camps upon high and almost inaccessible mountain spurs, from which they can make an easy retreat. These camps command wide reaches of country, and their sentinels are mounted and equipped with good field glasses. If the theatre of the war were confined to United States soil, one important obstacle would be removed, but most of the territory traversed by the hostiles is foreign. All the engagements thus far have taken place below the Mexican line. The principal water-holes in Arizona and New Mexico are guarded by troops of cavalry, but the Mexicans will not allow the United States to establish any permanent camps in their country. The Mexican troops have been of hardly any service. The Indians do not fear the Mexican soldiers, and many Mexicans trade with the hostiles, giving them ammunition in exchange for plunder. In Arizona two cases are known in which the hostiles stole horses from ranches while the cow-boys were at home and knew what was being done, but did not dare to stir from their houses.

A peculiarity of General Crook's mode of warfare has been the selection of Indians to fight Indians. He was eminently successful in conquering the rest of the Apaches, and during the present campaign so little have the troops been able to accomplish, on account of the nature of the country, that of late the fighting has been confined almost entirely to the use of Indian scouts who are of the same tribe as the hostiles.

At present there is a cessation of hostilities. Geronimo wants to meet General Crook some time this month, and until then has promised not to commit any depredations. He gave as hostages one of his chiefs and three other bucks.

Fort Bowie, Arizona, *March* 12.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

To fill the places on the National Civil Service Commission made vacant by the resignation of the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton and the appointment of Mr. W. L. Trenholm to be Comptroller of the Currency the President has appointed Mr. Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, and Mr. John H. Oberly, of Illinois. Mr. Lyman's appointment may fairly be called a promotion, and is an exemplification of the reform. After a brief period of service in the army, he was in 1864 appointed to a clerkship in the office of the Second Auditor of the Treasury, at Washington, and he has been in the public employment continuously ever since. After several promotions, he was in 1877 made Chief Clerk of the Stationery Department. It was from this post that he was transferred to the place of Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission when it was first organized. During General Grant's administration, when a Civil Service Board was appointed, he was its Chief Examiner. He has therefore been practically identified with the work of furthering the reform from its inception. He has done more of the detail and practical labor of the Commission since its organization under the law of 1883 than any other man. Having spent most of his manhood in the public service, and being as nearly an enthusiast as a very practical man may be, Mr. Lyman brings to his new work as great earnestness as any of his associates or predecessors, and greater practical knowledge of its duties than any other new appointee could have. He is a Republican.

Mr. John H. Oberly, the new Democratic Commissioner, has spent the greater part of his life as a newspaper writer. He was the correspondent of a Chicago paper at Albany during the period between the election and the inauguration of the President, and it was then that Mr. Cleveland formed his acquaintance. He has made a record in Illinois as an earnest Democrat in most of the political campaigns of recent years. In 1884 he was chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the State. He was appointed last year Superintendent of Indian Schools, and it was from this position that he was transferred to the Commission. Mr. Oberly is about fifty years of age, and his knowledge of men and of politics will stand him in good stead.

GOVERNOR MURRAY, OF UTAH.

The resignation of Governor Eli Murray, of Utah, which he had tendered to the President, to take effect at the latter's pleasure, was called for a few days ago by Secretary Lamar. It has been conjectured that the request for his resignation was simply the Administration's adherence to the rule by which Governorships of Territories have been considered administrative officers who, other things being equal, should be of the same political faith as the President. Another conjecture is that the President has been displeased with Governor Murray's course in vetoing the appropriation bills passed by the Territorial Legislature.

Governor Murray is a native of Kentucky, where he was once the Republican candidate for Governor. He was appointed Governor of Utah by President Hayes, and because his term of service has been simultaneous with the enforcement of the Edmunds law against polygamy, and because of the vigor of his administration in executing that law, his name will probably be more tenaciously associated in the popular mind with the suppression of polygamy than the name of any other officer of the government. The "Gentiles" in Utah have expressed regret at his resignation, and the Mormons would sincerely congratulate themselves if they had reason to hope—and the President's Message gives them no such reason—that Mr. Cleveland would name a successor whose administration will be less troublesome to them in their efforts to perpetuate their peculiar institution. Governor Murray retires with the well-earned and lasting hostility of the "Latter-day Saints."

DR. AUSTIN FLINT.

Dr. Austin Flint came of a family which for five successive generations has produced a great physician. He was the most distinguished of them all, and by his contributions to medical literature he made for himself a permanent place in the history of the profession. His great-grandfather was a physician of more than local fame in the colony of Massachusetts; his grandfather was a practitioner at Leicester, where he lived to a great old age; his father chose the same profession; and his only child is the well-known physician in this city who bears his name.

Dr. Flint was born in 1812. After thorough academic training, he was graduated at Harvard Medical School in 1833; for three years he practised his profession in Massachusetts; he removed to Buffalo in 1836, where ten years later he founded *The Medical Journal*, and became one of the founders of the Buffalo Medical College; thence he went to Louisville, and thence to New Orleans, to each of which cities he was called to fill chairs in medical institutions. When, about 1860, he came to New York, where he spent the rest of his life, he had already made a national reputation as practitioner, teacher, and writer on medical subjects. Six years later his great *Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Medicine* appeared, which, in spite of the differentiation that has since made many special professions of what in Dr. Flint's youth was included in the general practice of medicine, remains an authoritative comprehensive treatise. He became one of the faculty of the Long Island College Hospital and of Bellevue Hospital, which latter post he held until his death. In 1872 he was elected President of the New York Academy of Medicine, and held that honorable position by successive reëlections until he resigned last winter. Two years ago he was made President of the American Medical Association; in 1876 he was a delegate to the International Medical Congress which met at Philadelphia, where he delivered his famous address on "Medicine"; he attended the Medical Congress at London in 1881, and that at Copenhagen three years later, and he was President of the next Congress, which will be held at Washington next year. He had been invited, and had accepted the invitation, to deliver an address on "Medicine" at the forth-coming meeting of the British Medical Association—an honor that no other American physician has ever received. As a writer he was known to his profession in all civilized lands; as a teacher he trained two or three generations of physicians, many of whom have become eminent, and who live in every part of the Union. In the practice of his profession he achieved as great distinction as any of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic as a general practitioner, and as a man he was as highly esteemed as he was widely honored as a physician. He died on March 13 at his residence in this city, fourteen hours after an attack of cerebral apoplexy, during which he did not recover consciousness.

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

On Friday, March 19, President **Cleveland** sent to the Senate the nomination of Brigadier-General **Oliver Otis Howard** for the vacancy that had been created three days before by the retirement of Major-General **Pope**.

The officer thus selected for promotion is one whose distinguished services during the war for the Union eminently entitle him to the rank and emoluments of the new grade, while his advancement also comes to him in the line of seniority. Born at Leeds, Maine, November 8, 1830, he graduated at Bowdoin College in his twentieth year, and immediately entered the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1854, and was made a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance. In 1857 he took part in the operations against the Florida Indians, and was next made Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point, in which occupation he remained until the outbreak of the war for the Union in 1861.

Finishing the duties of the academic year at West Point, he received the Colonelcy of the Third Maine Infantry, June 4, and three days afterward resigned his army commission as First Lieutenant of Ordnance. Proceeding at once to Virginia, he took part the following month in the battle of Bull Run, where he commanded a brigade, and in September he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Under **McClellan** he served in the Peninsula campaign of 1862, and at Fair Oaks, on the 1st of June, was twice wounded, losing his right arm. Nevertheless, he rejoined his command in August, and took part in the battle of Antietam. He then received the command of a division, was made a Major-General of Volunteers dating from November 29, 1862, and in December took part in **Burnside**'s battle at Fredericksburg. The following May he had risen to the command of the Eleventh Corps, and served with it in **Hooker**'s campaign of Chancellorsville. It was upon this corps that **Jackson** fell by his famous flank march, his great success, however, costing him his life. In the subsequent movement of **Meade** upon Gettysburg General **Howard** took command of the Union line, on the first day of the battle, after the death of General **Reynolds**, as the senior officer present; and for his services on this occasion he afterward, on the 28th of January, 1864, received the exceptional honor of a vote of thanks from Congress.

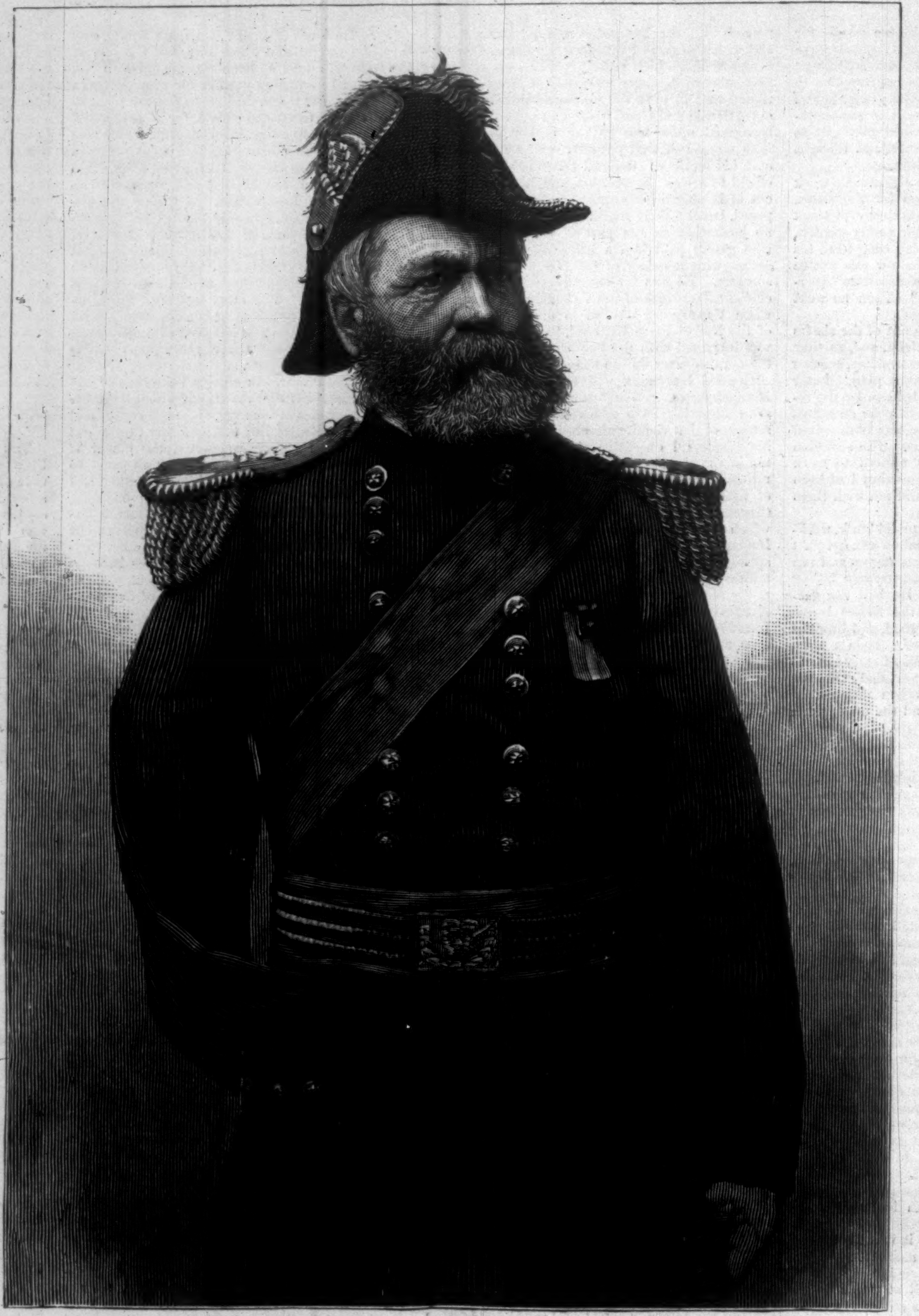
General **Howard** was now transferred with his command to Tennessee, where he arrived in season to take part in the battles under **Grant** at Lookout Valley and Missionary Ridge, and in the relief of **Burnside** at Knoxville. The following spring, for **Sherman**'s Georgia campaign of 1864, General **Howard** received command of the Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and with it made the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. At the latter point he was transferred, on the death of General **McPherson**, to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, which before had been successively commanded by General **Grant** and General **Sherman**. Up to that time **Howard** had been engaged specially at Dalton, Resaca, Kenesaw, and in the actions around Atlanta, and everywhere with credit.

Through the subsequent campaign from Atlanta to Savannah **Howard**'s command constituted the right wing of **Sherman**'s grand army; and again in the campaign of 1865 through the Carolinas, terminating with the surrender of **Johnston**'s army toward the end of April. While engaged in this latter service he was nominated and confirmed a Brigadier-General in the regular army, to date several months earlier, December 21, 1864. He also received the brevet rank of Major-General in the army "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Ezra Church, and during the campaign against Atlanta, Georgia."

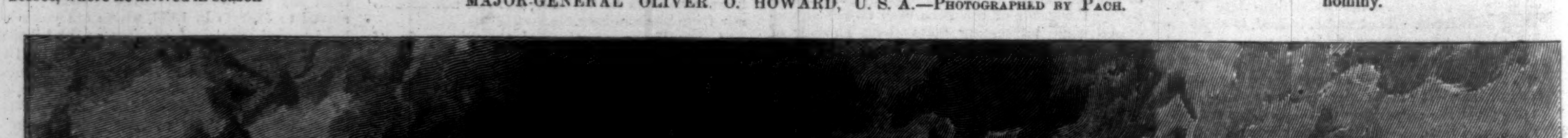
Immediately on the close of the war, General **Howard**, who had become identified with various religious, educational, and philanthropic movements, was appointed, in May, 1865, Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, and held this position until it was abolished by law in 1872; and he was also a Trustee of the Howard University for colored persons, and President of this institution from 1869 to 1873. He was on duty for a time in New Mexico and Arizona as Special Commissioner to the Indians.

His subsequent commands were those of various military departments in accordance with his rank, his present one being that of the Department of the Platte, with head-quarters at Omaha. He was also Superintendent of the Military Academy from January, 1881, to September, 1882.

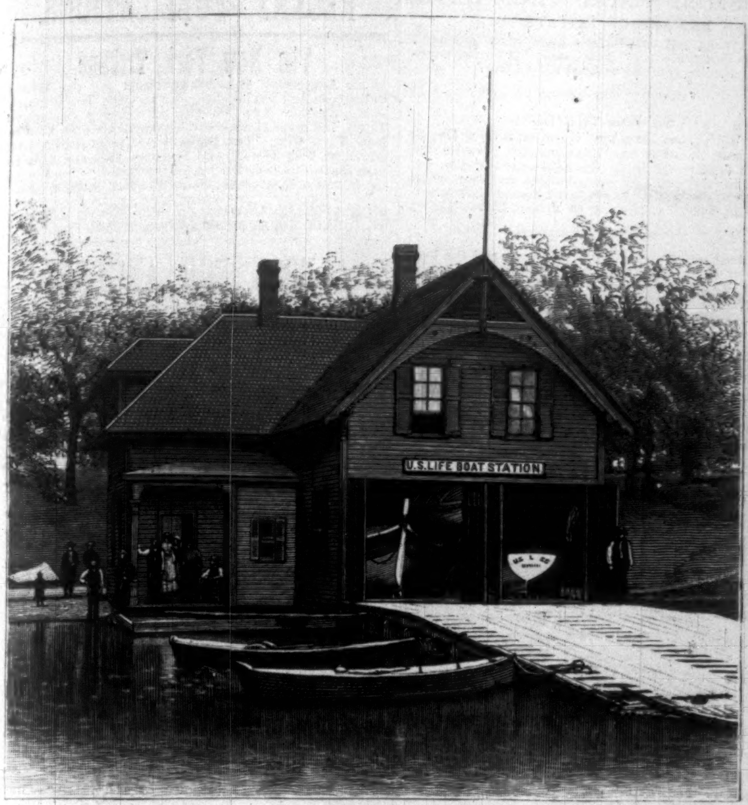
It will be clear from the foregoing recital that General **Howard** has fully earned by his war services the high rank to which he has at length been nominated. He served throughout the war, East and West, from Bull Run to the surrender of Durham Station, making the march through Georgia and the Carolinas, as well as campaigns on the Rappahannock and the Chickahominy.



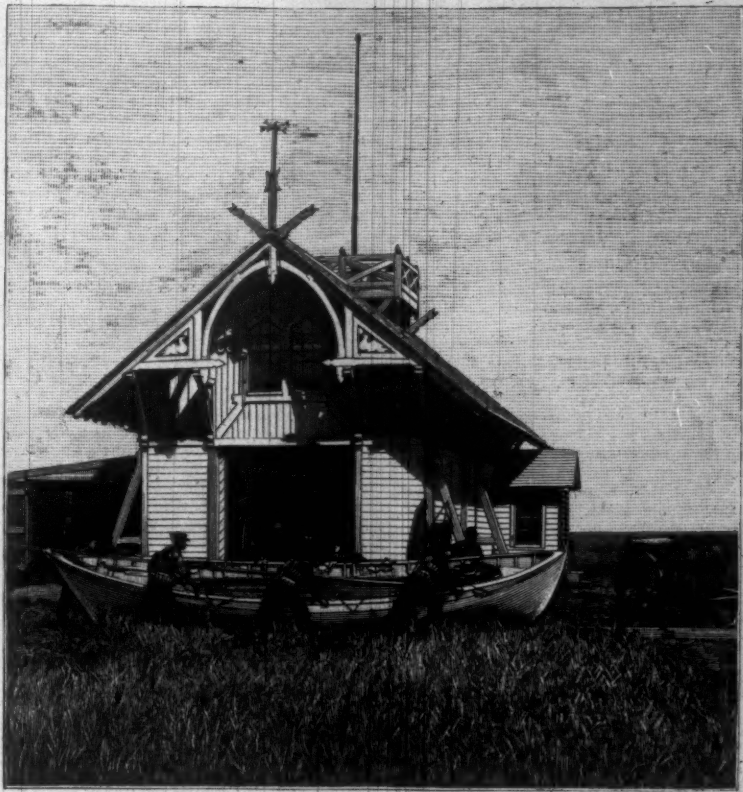
MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, U. S. A.—Photographed by Pach.



A COAL TOW ON THE OHIO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 206.]



STATION AT KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.



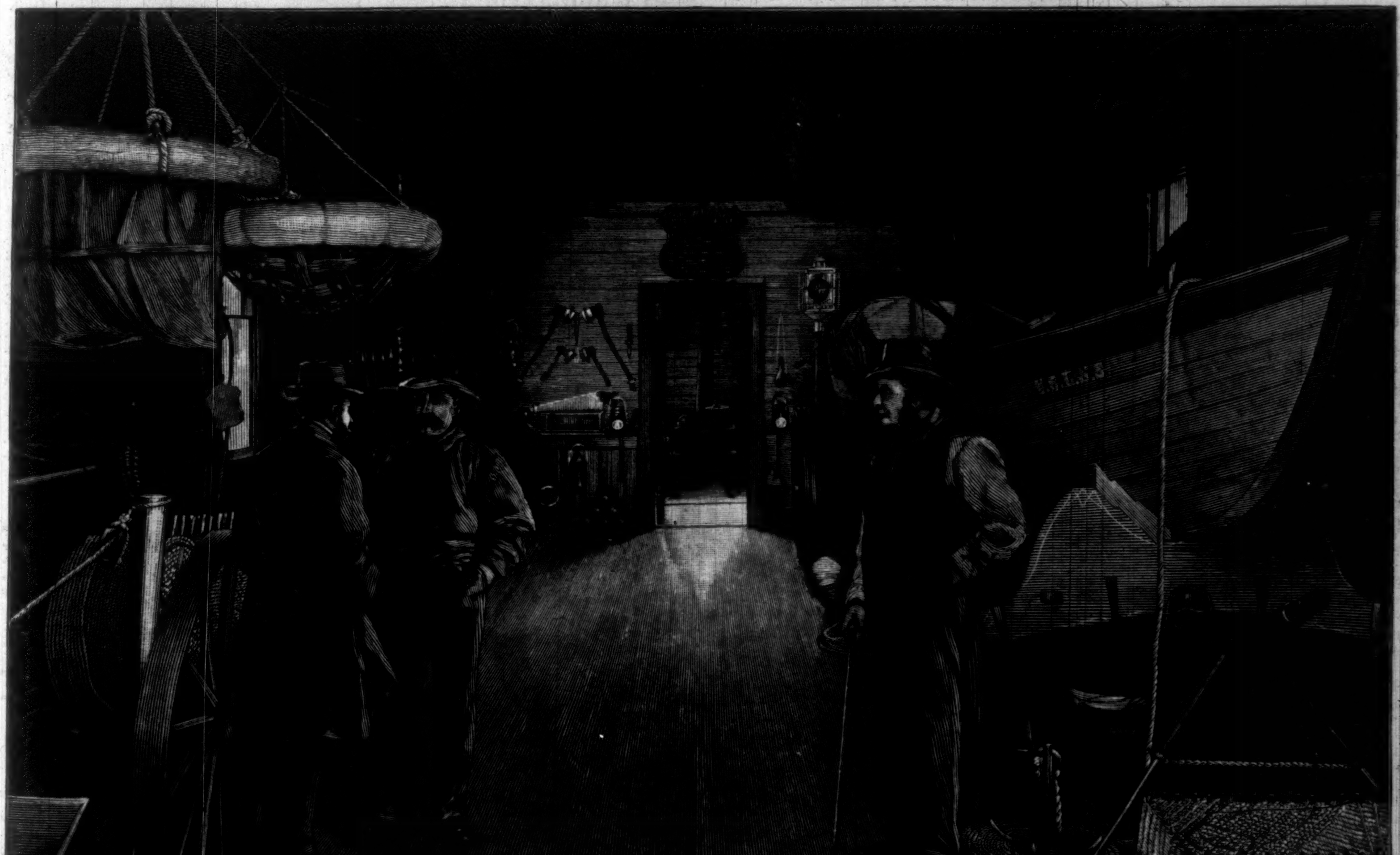
STATION AT FLETCHER'S NECK, MAINE.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

The United States Life-saving Service—an organization whose employés saved on our coasts in the year 1884 the lives of 4412 persons, and property valued at $9,161,354—had its origin in a few battered huts that had been placed prior to the year 1871 on the Long Island and New Jersey beaches for the use of those whom storm and wreck might cast on those dreary sands. Those huts were very poorly furnished with appliances for saving or sustaining life, and only every other one was manned. From so small a beginning the service has been slowly but steadily built up until it is now the world's model organization of its kind. Its line of stations has been extended from Long Island and New Jersey to Maine in one direction and to Texas in the other, along the shores of the Great Lakes, and on the Pacific coast. It has found earnest friends in and out of Congress, among whom should be mentioned the Hon. S. S. Cox, now Minister to Turkey, but its development is due in great measure to the untiring labors of Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, who has been its General Superintendent from the days of its infancy.

There is in time of peace no other branch of our public service in which is found a greater demand for endurance, courage, and heroism, or in which that demand is more fully supplied. The hardy surfmen risk their lives where no one can see or applaud them except the suffering men and women whom they save, and they do their work for the inadequate pay of $50 a month. Visitors at Long Branch and other beaches in summer days, who see the neat little cottages that serve as station-houses, know very little about the hardships faced and endured by the keeper and his six or seven men in the rough winter nights and days when the storm-swept sands must be constantly patrolled in order that no disabled or wrecked vessel may escape attention. The most valuable and arduous labors of these men are done in the night, when storm or blunder has driven some craft into the breakers, and imperiled the lives of all on board. The patrolling surfman, making his way along the beach, discovers the unfortunate vessel, and his companions are speedily brought to the spot with the life-boats and other appliances that are kept at every station. It may be impossible to use either the large life-boat which is launched from the station, or the lighter surf-boat which is drawn on wheels to a point opposite the wreck. In that case a shot, to which is attached a small line that has been coiled in an ingenious way, is fired across the vessel, and by means of this line those on board draw out from the beach a hawser, which afterward supports a breeches-buoy or a life-car, in which the passengers and crew are carried through the surf to the shore. In the year 1884 there were landed by the surf-boat 472 persons, by the life-boat 272, by small boats 77, and by the breeches-buoy 158. Many others were rescued in ways more dangerous, because neither the boats nor the buoy could be used.

The most striking proof of the value of this service is furnished by the great reduction of the loss of life upon our coasts since it became effective. Even since 1876 the reduction is nearly seventy-five per cent., for while in that year and the years immediately preceding it one person out of every twenty-nine persons on wrecked vessels was lost, there has been a constant decrease, until only one out of 113 is lost. The contrast can be made still greater. It is known that 512 lives were lost on the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey in the twenty years preceding the organization of the service, or an average of twenty-five persons



INTERIOR OF A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

each year. A complete record would largely increase this number. On the other hand, there were lost in the last fiscal year throughout the whole domain of the Life-saving Service—the Atlantic coast from Maine to Texas, the Pacific coast, and the shores of the lakes—only eleven lives, and the annual average for the last four years has been only fifteen. Since 1871 the service has also saved seventy per cent. ($36,251,106) of imperiled property in vessels and cargoes to the value of $51,733,769, and 24,967 lives out of 25,423 that were in great danger. These figures summarize the history of thousands of wrecks, and cover many a thrilling story of disaster, suffering, and rescue.

The brave and faithful surfmen are on regular duty upon the Atlantic coast only from September 1 to May 1, but the station-keepers are paid by the year. On the lakes the surfmen serve from the opening to the close of navigation. On the Pacific coast few of the stations are fully manned. On the Florida beaches the stations are merely houses of refuge, well supplied with provisions, and occupied by keepers, who are required to patrol the coast after every storm. Not long ago the surfmen received only $40 a month, and the keepers only $400 a year. In 1882 a law was passed which allowed these figures to be raised to $50 and $700 respectively, and contained other provisions of great value. At that time there was danger that the organization would lose some of its best men because the pay was so small, and for the additional reason that a man disabled in the line of duty could get no aid from the government. Under the law as it now stands the disabled surfman or keeper receives his pay for one year, and in some cases for two, while the widow and children of an employé who loses his life in the service receive his pay for two years. These provisions for something in the nature of a pension were richly deserved by the brave and modest men who so frequently risk their lives, and are continually exposed under conditions that tend to break down the hardiest constitutions.

The Life-saving Service has not escaped the attention of politicians, and sometimes it has been difficult to thwart the intentions of influential men who desired to place upon its pay-roll persons who were in no way fitted for the work. Not until 1882 was the merit system—"maintained," as Superintendent **Kimball** said in his report for that year, "by personal effort and struggle, under great and often disheartening difficulties"—secured to the service by a statute which declares that the appointment of district superintendents, inspectors, keepers, and surfmen "shall be made solely with reference to their fitness, and without reference to their political or party affiliations."

COAL BOATS ON THE OHIO.

Merely as a sight worth seeing a Pittsburgh steamer with a tow of coal flats is a notable object, for nothing like it can be seen anywhere else in the world but on our inland waterways. These tow-boats are all "stern-wheelers." They carry no load themselves, and, burdened with nothing but their own weight, which is chiefly the weight of their engines, their evolution has been wholly toward the development to the utmost of propelling power. Many of them draw no more than two feet of water. For this peculiar boat architecture credit is due to Pittsburgh's engineers, and by means of it they have made the cheapest transportation service in the world. Simple as it now seems to build wholly with reference to power, and to spread out the cargo, so to speak, over as indefinite an area as low water makes necessary, this solution of the problem of cheap coal transportation was not reached until the railroads threatened to take away all traffic from the rivers, as they have practically taken away all travel.

How important this peculiar transportation service is from a commercial point of view will be appreciated when it is called to mind that in 1874 (and it has increased enormously since then) when a special report was made to the national government of the traffic on the Ohio River, it equalled the total foreign commerce of the United States, reaching the value of $800,000,000. By far the most important item of this great inland water traffic is that done from the docks of Pittsburgh, and the most important item of the river traffic of Pittsburgh is coal. Pittsburgh coal can be delivered in New Orleans for about $2 60 per ton, and New Orleans is 2000 miles away by river. Voyages of 4000 miles are by no means uncommon for these coal-carriers to take on our inland waters. Cow Island, on the upper Missouri, is 300 more than 4000 miles from Pittsburgh, and they carry coal to market there—a distance as great as from New York to any port on the Baltic Sea. Not less than 20,000 miles of inland navigable waters are accessible to these Pennsylvania fuel peddlers. More than 160 of them are owned by Pittsburgh owners—a vast fleet, the building of which cost hardly less than $10,000,000. The aggregate of vessels of all kinds is now more than 4000. Of the 13,000,000 tons of coal that were dug in 1883 in the counties near Pittsburgh, about 4,500,000 tons were carried to market by water.

The Pennsylvania miners indulge in a dream, which will doubtless some day come to pass, of sending coal to South America by way of New Orleans cheaper than it can be carried thither from the English collieries. The Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce has published the estimate that the cost of digging and shipping to Rio Janeiro would not be more than $5 60 per ton. At Pittsburgh, therefore, they argue, ought to be begun, and could be begun, the revival of our decaying merchant marine; for that city alone of American cities can furnish paying ballast. During the recent and the present Expositions at New Orleans, the establishment of a coal trade with the Central and South American states has been a project much talked about.

The inland river traffic itself, however, without regard to possibilities of foreign commerce, is by no means fully developed. Every year the extent of navigable waters is greatly increased by Congressional appropriations and by State and private enterprise. Since enormous carrying power no longer requires great depth of water, the extension of navigation is much simplified and cheapened. It is estimated that there are 20,000 miles of rivers already traversed by these boats, and that perhaps 20,000 miles more will be opened before the end of the century. The United States government is now constructing a dam—the Davis Island Dam—at Pittsburgh, which, when completed, will give harborage for 12,000 steam boats and barges, and the largest and longest dock in the world will be constructed there.

But there is no need to indulge in forecasts or speculations about the Ohio River traffic from Pittsburgh. Already the gas that lights the cities of London and Windsor in Ontario, Detroit, Marquette, Chicago, and Milwaukee is made partly, in some of them wholly, of coal that is transported by rail from the nearest river towns; and the largest cargoes in the world, some of which travel longer distances than any other, except those of the sailing vessels that go around the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, are the cargoes of these little stern-wheel coal steamers, and the *Great Eastern* itself never did the feat of carrying 20,000 tons.

THE KENTUCKY AND INDIANA BRIDGE.

There are three railway lines from the South and East which converge at Louisville, Kentucky, and four which diverge from New Albany and Jeffersonville, on the Indiana side of the Ohio River. For the accommodation of this traffic there has hitherto been but one bridge across the river, the Indiana terminus of which is nearer to Jeffersonville, which is situated directly across the river from Louisville, than to New Albany. The traffic to and from New Albany, which passed over the Louisville, Evansville, and St. Louis and the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago railways, has been obliged to pay toll by lease or reshipment over a short branch road from New Albany to Jeffersonville in order to reach the Louisville bridge. For the lease of this four miles of road the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago company alone has paid a yearly rental of $4500.

A new bridge has now been constructed below the old Louisville bridge, which shortens the route from Louisville to New Albany by two miles, over which the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago road will make its Kentucky connections directly. The length of the bridge is 2453 feet, exclusive of the approaches. The longest span, of 480 feet, is from an island to the Kentucky shore, over the channel through which boats go that do not run the risk of shooting the falls of the Ohio. It is 100 feet from the low-water mark to the lowest timber in the bridge. The noteworthy engineering feature of this bridge is that it is the longest connected system of cantilevers in the world. The new cantilever principle, which owes its development to the engineers of Great Britain, is the balancing of cantilevers on upright pillars. This system of high-level bridges is a development of the use of cast steel. The best-known cantilever bridge in this country is the Niagara bridge. Others are those over the Frazier River, on the Canada-Pacific Railroad, and over the Kentucky River at Cincinnati. The successful use of the principle in the construction of the Niagara bridge caused its adoption by the engineers of the Forth railway bridge in Scotland. The Kentucky and Indiana bridge was built at a cost of a million and a quarter dollars. Sixteen thousand tons of wrought iron and steel and eleven thousand tons of iron were used in its construction. Besides the railroad tracks, there are two ways for wagons, two for street cars, and two for pedestrians. The prospect of the river and the hills near its Indiana end was pronounced by **Bayard Taylor** one of the finest views he had ever seen.

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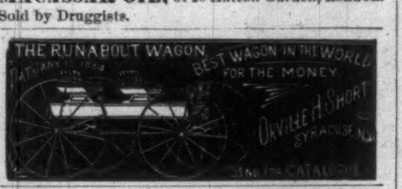

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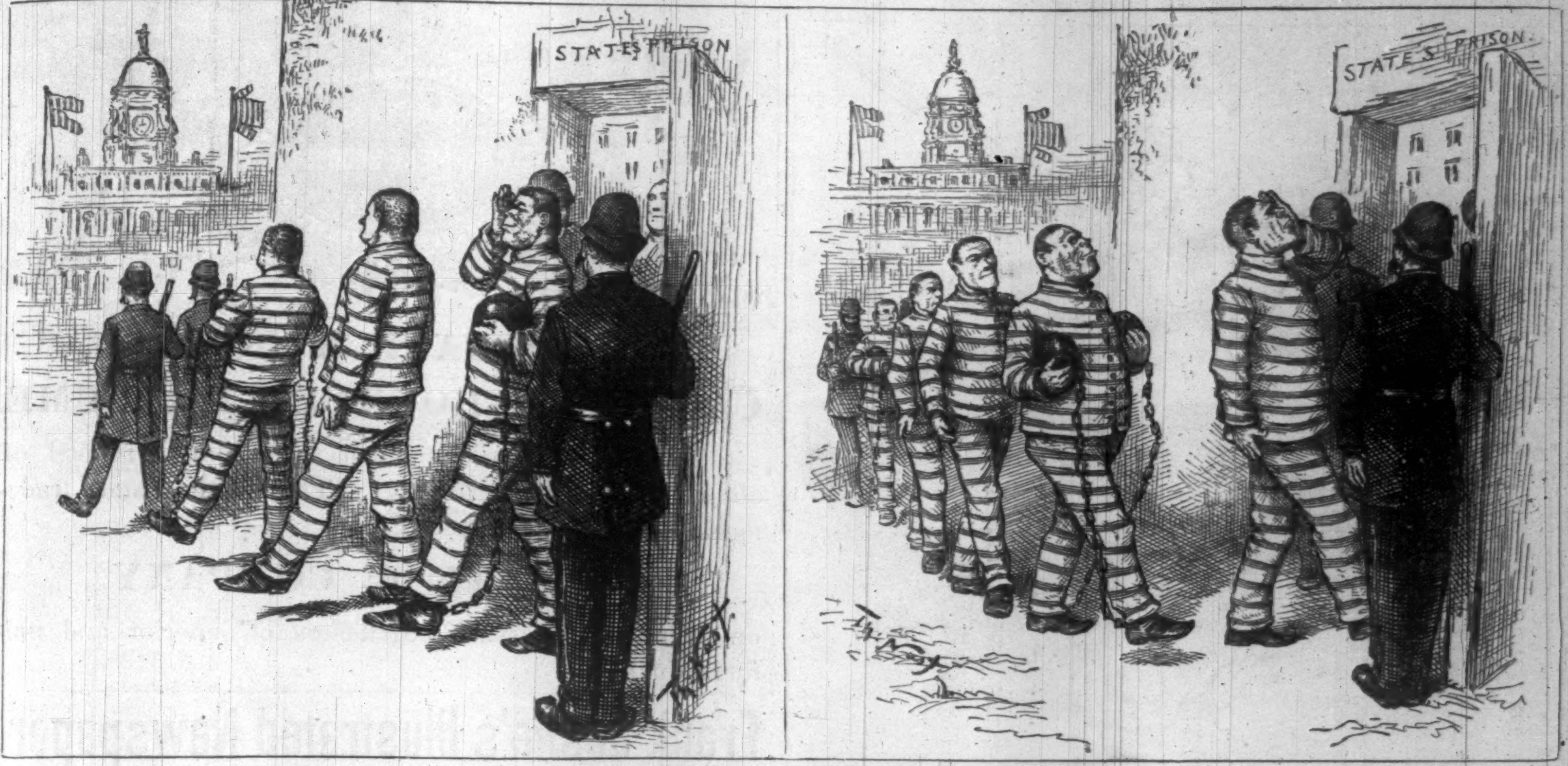

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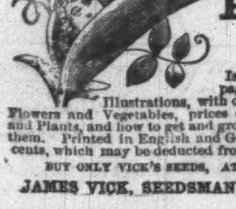

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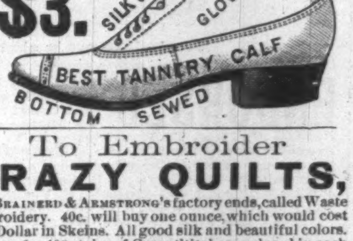

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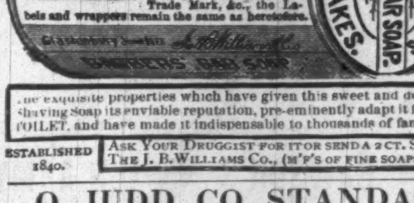
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